

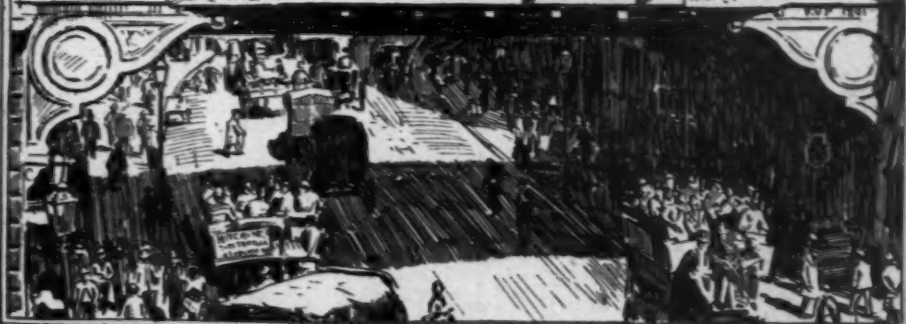
-THREE-PENCE-

# The LUDGATE MONTHLY



Contributions  
BY  
Florence Marryat,  
C. W. ALCOCK,  
J. A. O'SHEA,  
etc., etc.,  
and Song by  
THOMAS HUNTER.

Edited by Philip May



No. 4, Vol. 1.

AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE.  
Published at LUDGATE SQUARE, LONDON, E.C.

AUGUST, 1891.



# FLORILINE

**FOR THE TEETH & BREATH.**

*Is the BEST LIQUID DENTIFRICE in the World.*

Prevents the Decay of the Teeth.

**RENDERS THE TEETH PEARLY WHITE.**

Removes all Traces of Tobacco Smoke.

*Is partly composed of Honey, and Extracts from Sweet Herbs and Plants.*

**IS PERFECTLY HARMLESS & DELICIOUS TO THE TASTE.**

Of all Chemists and Perfumers throughout the World, 2s. 6d. per Bottle.

## FLORILINE TOOTH POWDER

Put up in Glass Jars, Price 1s.

**THE ANGLO-AMERICAN DRUG COMPANY, Ltd.,**  
33, FARRINGDON ROAD, LONDON, Proprietors.

**POSITIVELY THE BEST HAIR DRESSING.**

**EDWARDS'**

## "HARLENE"

**WORLD-RENOUNDED**

**HAIR PRODUCER**

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*Positively forces Luxuriant Hair, Whiskers and Moustachios to grow heavily in a few weeks, without injury to the Skin, and no matter at what age.*



**AFTER USE.**

The World-renowned Remedy for **BALDNESS** from whatever cause arising. As a **PRODUCER OF WHISKERS AND MOUSTACHIOS** it has never been equalled. As a **CURER OF WEAK OR THIN EYELASHES**, or **RESTORING GREY HAIR TO ITS ORIGINAL COLOUR, NEVER FAILS.**

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**1s., 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., and 5s. 6d.** per Bottle, from Chemists, Hair Dressers, and Perfumers all over the World, or sent direct, on receipt of **1s. 4d., 2s. 10d., 3s. 11d., and 6s.** Postal Orders preferred.

**MANUFACTURED ONLY BY**

**EDWARDS & Co.,**

**5. NEW OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.C.**

**Special Offer to Readers of THE LUDGATE MONTHLY.**

**A 5s. 6d. TRIAL BOTTLE FOR 3s.**

We bind ourselves to send to any reader of THE LUDGATE MONTHLY who sends us this Coupon, with a Postal Order for 3s., and 6d. to cover postage package, etc., one regular 5s. 6d. Bottle of Edwards' Instantaneous HARLENE, provided it is ordered within one month from date of Coupon. We make this offer solely for the purpose of making our specialite more widely known, without expending enormous sums in advertising, feeling sure that once having tried HARLENE you will never give up its use for any other preparation. By this offer the public reap the benefit. Address all orders with Coupon. Dated August 1st, 1891.

Coupon

Coupon



**Harness' Electropathic Belts** are very comfortable to wear, and the mild continuous currents of electricity which they imperceptibly generate naturally and speedily invigorate the debilitated Constitution, assist digestion and assimilation, giving strength to every nerve and muscle of the body, and effectively preventing chills and rheumatic pains, which so many people are, unfortunately, subject to in this country, where the climate is so changeable. It seems, and is, a simple remedy; but it is as sure as it is simple, and the number of unsolicited testimonials we have received from all classes of society amply prove that we do not exaggerate when we say that **Harness' Electropathic Belts** have completely cured thousands of men and women in all parts of the world, most of whom had obtained no relief from medicine, and many of them had been pronounced by their family doctors as positively "incurable."

## "A 'HOPELESS' CASE CURED" BY ELECTRICITY.

Mrs. EMMA GROVER, Connor Farm, N. Ockendon, Essex, writes, March 13th, 1891, "I feel it my duty to write and let you know the great benefit my husband has derived since wearing one of your Electropathic Belts. I can truthfully say for seven years he had been a constant sufferer from Rheumatism, Gout, and Kidney Disorder, also frequent Bronchitis and Congestion of the Lungs. He has been under two Doctors, and they both said he was a hopeless case. During the winter of 1890 he was very bad, worse than I have ever known him to be before; he kept his bed eleven weeks, and the Doctor said he would never leave it again; but as the warm weather came he pulled through again, but he never felt well. He would feel so TIRED AND LANGUID, and was never free from pain. It was the kindness of his sister to purchase for him one of your Electropathic Belts, and he has worn it ever since with the greatest satisfaction. He has been able to resume his occupation, and has never suffered a single pain. He has been entirely free from Rheumatism and Gout; in fact, he says he does not feel like the same man he did. We cannot speak enough in praise of it. Everyone says what a great change there is in him, and they cannot understand what it is, until we tell them he is wearing one of Harness' Electropathic Belts. I wish every poor sufferer could receive the same benefit. We let both rich and poor know what a great blessing they are, and we hope many more will be able to receive similar means of relief."

All in search of health should follow this example, and procure one of these world-famed health appliances, and wear it regularly. 1,000 recent original testimonials may be seen at the Electropathic and Zander Institute, 52, Oxford Street, London, W., where Mr. C. B. Harness (President) and the Medical Battery Company's other officers may be consulted without charge, either personally or by letter. Those who cannot call should write at once for pamphlet and book of testimonials.



EASILY DECIDED.

PATIENT: "What have I got, doctor?"

YOUNG PHYSICIAN: "I can't exactly tell whether it is rheumatism or influenza, but I've been called in to see a man with influenza, and when I see what he looks like, I'll come back and tell you."

# KEATING'S POWDER.

The **PUBLIC** are **CAUTIONED** that packages of the genuine powder bear the autograph of **THOMAS KEATING**.

**KILLS**

**BUGS,  
FLEAS,  
MOTHS,  
BEETLES,  
MOSQUITOES.**

*HARMLESS TO ANIMALS.*

*HARMLESS TO ANIMALS.*

**KILLS**

**BUGS,  
FLEAS,  
MOTHS,  
BEETLES,  
MOSQUITOES.**

Sold in Tins, 6d. and 1s. each, everywhere.



AN OBSCURE TITLE.

Mr. J. FOXCROFT BAGLER (soliloquizing): "When shall we three meet again?" Weally, I can't see the point to that."

**4/6**  
Per Doz.



**IRISH CAMBRIC POCKET HANDKERCHIEFS.**

Ladies' Size, **2/3**; Hemstitched, **2/11** per doz.

Gents' Size, **3/6**; Hemstitched, **4/11** "

G. R. Hutton & Co., Larne, Belfast.

**THOMSON'S**  
"Glove-Fitting" **CORSET.**

PERFECTION! Sold by all Drapers. One million pairs annually.

PRICE—

**D 10/6 | F 6/6**  
**E 8/6 | G 5/-**

Black ls. extra.

Approved by the whole polite world

**NINE FIRST MEDALS.**

If your Draper cannot supply you write direct to 49, OLD BAILEY, LONDON, giving size, and enclosing P.O.O., and the Corset will at once be sent you.

**W. S. THOMSON & CO., LTD., MANUFACTURERS.**

Made in Lengths, 13, 14, and 15 inch.



**Delicious New Perfume.**  
**CRAB APPLE**  
**BLOSSOMS**

(EXTRA-CONCENTRATED).

"It is the daintiest and most delicious of perfumes, and in a few months has superseded all others in the boudoirs of the grandes dames of London, Paris, and New York."—*The Argonaut*.

**300,000 BOTTLES SOLD LAST YEAR**

Made only by the

**CROWN PERFUMERY CO., 177, New Bond St., W.**

Sold Everywhere.

## A MARVELLOUS 1d. WEEKLY.

If there is anyone who has never seen the

### WEDNESDAY JOURNAL, ILLUSTRATED,

all that they have to do is to send their address to the Publishers,  
and they will immediately forward a copy free.

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CARPATHIAN SILVER  
IS EQUAL IN  
APPEARANCE  
TO  
STERLING  
SILVER

AND IS  
WARRANTED  
TO  
WEAR WHITE THROUGHOUT

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12 INCH 4 SAMPLE  
SILVER WALTER  
POST FREE  
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1,000,000. NOW IN USE

F. PARKINSON & COMPANY,  
90, LOWER THAMES STREET, LONDON E.C.

PRICE LIST POST FREE

AS GOOD AS GOLD.

**Brandreth's**  
Sugar  
Coated **Pills.**

**SAMPLE BOX 2d. FROM**  
**22, Hamilton Square, BIRKENHEAD.**

Sold by all Chemists, 40 in a Box, price 1s.



BAD LUCK.

SALLY: "Why don't you get married?"

Mr. W. (fishing): "I'm so ugly no one will have me."

SALLY: "Wouldn't some one as ugly as you are have you?"

Medical Electricity for Self-Application.

# HARNESSE' ELECTROPATHIC BELTS.

By Her Majesty's



Royal Letters Patent.

The accompanying illustration indicates the manner in which, by means of Mr. C. B. HARNESSE' Patent "ELECTROPATHIC" Belts, Electricity can be easily and pleasantly adapted to the body. Patients are earnestly recommended to either send a Post Office Order for one of these remarkable curative appliances, or write at once for "Private Consultation Form," Pamphlet and Book of Testimonials.

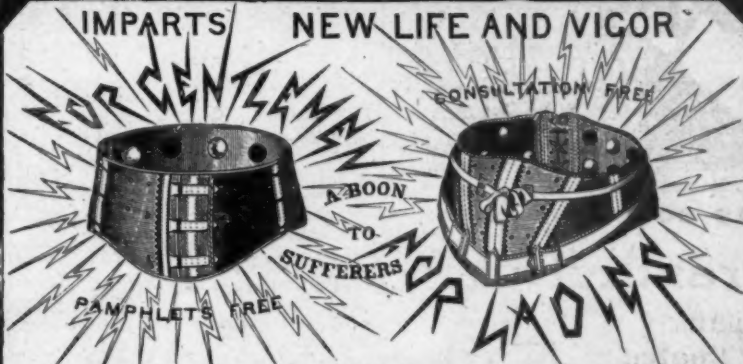
## HARNESSE' ELECTROPATHIC BELTS.

FOR ALL  
RHEUMATIC,  
NERVOUS,  
AND  
ORGANIC  
DISORDERS.

are an improvement on the galvanic couple of the celebrated German, Professor Humboldt. They are exceedingly simple in their construction, very comfortable to wear, and, from their constant action, most efficacious as a self-generating reservoir of Electricity. They are entirely unique as a therapeutical adaptation of Electricity, as they consist of a series of CONSTANT CURRENT ELECTRIC GENERATORS, which are in continuous action while the Belt is worn. They contain also all the essential elements of the Dry Compress, so well known and appreciated in Hydropathic Treatment. Acting, as they do, upon all the most important organs of the body, they rarely fail to alleviate most of the disorders resulting from impaired vitality, weak circulation, local or general debility, or defective organic action.

### HARNESSE' ELECTROPATHIC BELT

IMPARTS NEW LIFE AND VIGOR



CONSULTATIONS FREE.

PAMPHLETS FREE.

SOLE PROPRIETORS, THE MEDICAL BATTERY CO. LD.

52 OXFORD ST. LONDON. W.



"For Hilvin's sak, Phella, an' what has happened yer?"

"Nothin', only I attained a meetin' of the Friendly Brotherhood of Saint Patrick, an' I was elected an honorary member, with a slight opposition, that's all. Me docthor says I'll be out ag'in in a month or so."



"Now, Willie, see the nice cake I have made for you, for your bi-thday."

"Can I eat it all, myself?"

"Why, of course not. You would be sick."

"That's just the way with you, mamma. Whenever you do give me anything nice, you always tie a string to it."

Personal Appearance is influenced by nothing more materially than a luxuriant crop of Hair.



## Barry's Tricopherous

IS GUARANTEED TO

Produce a fine Head of Hair.

To thoroughly cleanse the Scalp.

To make the Hair Silky and Glossy.

To Prevent the Hair falling out.

To Cure all Scalp Diseases.

To remove all Impurities.

To insure its having a fair trial, we are prepared to send post free to every one cutting out and forwarding the Coupon at foot, within two months from this date, a 3s Bottle for 2s., on receipt of Stamps or Postal Order. Nothing can be fairer than this offer, and we are equally confident that having once used it no lady will have any other.

This Coupon entitles holder to one 3s. Bottle of BARRY'S TRICOPHEROUS, post free for 2s., providing it is received within two months of this date—July, 1891. "THE BARCLAY COMPANY," 15, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.



**"THE BARCLAY COMPANY,"**

15, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.



DO YOU SUFFER FROM CORNS?  
 THEN USE  
**ALLCOCK'S**  
**CORN PLASTERS.**

THEY AFFORD IMMEDIATE RELIEF.

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HAVE YOU BUNIONS OR ENLARGED TOE JOINTS?  
 USE  
**ALLCOCK'S**  
**BUNION PLASTERS.**

They give EASE AT ONCE, and are far superior to any remedy of a similar kind.

Ask your Chemist for them, or send 1s. 1½d. in stamps to  
 22, HAMILTON SQUARE, BIRKENHEAD.

## A SAILOR'S YARN.

Come all ye jolly land-lubbers, just listen unto me,  
A yarn I'll tell ye of a trip I've just had out to sea  
On board a craft as trim and taut as ever clap't on sail,  
She bounded like a living thing before the rising gale.  
A storm came on quite suddenly, and soon the raging main  
Was fairly mad, waves mountains high whirled round the "Betsy Jane,"  
Our skipper soon began to look as solemn as a pope;  
For we'd a precious freight aboard of Frazer's Toilet Soap.

The wind did blow, tossed to and fro, our barque was like a toy,  
When all at once we heard a shout of "Hi! There! Ship ahoy!"  
A queerish fog-horn sort of voice, and just then, strange to tell,  
The storm calmed down, while every man could sniff a fishy smell;  
Again that shout, we looked about, but could'n't see no craft,  
No ship or boat of any kind; we thought we'd all gone "daft,"  
When from our port side came a cry "Hi! Sling me down a rope,  
I want to see the Cap'en 'bout some Frazer's Toilet Soap."

A creepy kind of feeling came upon the vessel's crew,  
For something supernatural was a going to meet our view,  
A figure strange and sturdy then jumped plump upon the deck,  
A battered, weird old veteran, with sea-weed round his neck.  
He shook himself like some wet dog, then stroked his grizzly beard,  
Then laughing roared: "Don't look like that, you all seem mighty skeered.  
I'm Father Neptune! Now you know—I don't intrude, I hope,  
I understand you have on board some Frazer's Toilet Soap."

The queer old fish then laughed and said: "Why, skipper, you sly dog,  
Why don't you offer me a pipe—a leetle drop of grog?  
I've got a touch of Rheumatiz through lending my old gamp,  
My spirits have gone very low, my 'baccy's very damp.  
But that can wait while I relate about my daughters' woe,  
Like other girls they've lost their hearts and each one has a Beau,  
They want to beautify themselves, but there they sit and mope,  
The only thing to bring them joy is Frazer's Toilet Soap."

"It is no use a palming off some imitation stuff,  
That's what has riled our mermaid folk, they've tried them quite enough.  
In fact, my girls can't titivate as should such scaly Belles,  
For their sweethearts, though but Tritons, are reg'lar ocean swells."  
Then up our skipper to him spoke, says he: "Pray, just inform  
Me if 'twas you that roused the sea and caused that lively storm?"  
Says Neptune: "'Twas the missus, sir; with 'Amphy' I can't cope,  
The only thing to calm her down is Frazer's Toilet Soap."

Our Cap'en says: "Look here, old boy, a favour you must grant  
Before I lift the hatches up to give you what you want,  
Just promise us fine weather now, until we get ashore."  
Old Neptune took a solemn oath—he most distinctly swore.  
The skipper gave his orders out, we hoisted overboard  
A rare good stock, old Nep was pleased, with joy he laughed and roared,  
Plunged in the sea, then vulgarly cried out: "Boys, I must slope,  
I'll keep my word, as good as gold, like Frazer's Toilet Soap."

We had fair weather after that, our sails we kept unfurled.  
And found that Frazer's Soap was famed and used all o'er the world,  
Where 'ere we went, from north to south, aye, lads, from east to west,  
Each race, each creed were all agreed that Frazer's was the best.  
And now I've told my simple tale, each word is strictly true,  
But if ye doubt me, then, for proof, ask any of our crew,  
You'll know the men for they are all armed with a telescope  
To spy out anyone that don't use Frazer's Toilet Soap.

Frazer's Soap (Toilet) in White Cartons, price 6d.

Frazer's Soap (Sulphur) in Green Cartons, price 6d.

An illustration of a woman with dark, curly hair, looking down at a large, rectangular handkerchief she is holding with both hands. The handkerchief is spread out, showing its texture and fringed edges. The text of the advertisement is overlaid on the handkerchief and the woman's face.

# HUTTON'S IRISH LINEN

1 dozen  
Genuine Irish Cambric  
POCKET HANDKERCHIEFS,  
*Post free for 2/6.*

Send P.O. or Stamps to  
G. R. HUTTON & Co., Larne, Ireland.



**BARRY'S  
PEARL  
CREAM**  
for the  
**COMPLEXION**

Imports to the darkest skin a clear, natural white tinged with the faintest rose-blush. Speedily removes Wrinkles, Freckles, Sunburn and Tan, and mantles the faded cheek with youthful bloom and beauty. If not obtainable of your Chemist send P.O. or stamps for 2/9 to "THE BARCLAY COMPANY," 75, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, and a bottle will be sent per return of post.

This preparation is guaranteed to contain no injurious ingredients, and therefore may be used with perfect safety. It is beautifully perfumed and is sure to give satisfaction. **BARRY'S PEARL CREAM** is most efficacious in softening the skin and preventing its chapping, and in removing irritation arising from changes of weather. Be sure the name "BARCLAY & CO., New York" is on every bottle.

**FIELD'S**

**OZOKERIT**

**CANDLES**

J. C. & J. FIELD, Ltd., LAMBETH, S.E.



A SCORE.

HARD-UP GENT: "Say, Boss, can't yer give a feller a few pence, to help him along?"

MR. DELAWNEY: "Why don't you do something faw yaw own living? You had better ask for brains instead of money."

HARD-UP GENT: "Well, Boss, I asked yer for what I thought yer had most of."

# Prize Competitions.

Prizes value £12 12s. 0d. No Entrance Fees.

Competitions Close 15th August. Decision in our October Number.

## WORD COMPETITION.

Competitors are to make a list of words formed from the forty letters in

*"The Ludgate Monthly is the best Family Magazine,"*

and at the bottom of their list are to write the total number of words sent in, mentioning some dictionary in which all the words can be found. The total number of letters in all the words sent must not exceed forty; and the forty letters in one sentence should all be used.

*Six Handsome, Illustrated Books will be given as Prizes.*

All Answers must be sent in on Post-cards.

In case of ties, the Competition Editor will award the Prizes to the Competitors whose hand writing is the best. The Competition Editor's decision will be final. All Competitors must address their post-cards as below (or they will be disqualified).

The Competition Editor, "Ludgate Monthly" Offices, 12, Ludgate Square, London, E.C.

## "The Ludgate Monthly" Cricket Competition.

NO COUPON OR ENTRANCE FEE.

FREE TO ALL.

We will give a splendid GOLD WATCH, of first-class workmanship, value £10, to the reader sending us the names of the 20 Batsmen making the largest number of runs during the month of August. The names selected to be those Cricketers playing only in FIRST-CLASS COUNTY Matches during above period. The first-class Counties are Surrey, Notts, Yorkshire, Gloucestershire, Sussex, Middlesex, Lancashire, Kent, and Somerset. The Batsmen to be placed in the order Competitor believes they will occur: the Batsman expected to make the biggest total of runs to be put at the head of the list; then the second biggest, and so on.

The Watch will be given to the Competitor who places the most Batsmen in their proper order. If no Competitor places the 20 Batsmen in their proper order, then the Watch will be given to the Competitor giving the most correct list. Should two or more Competitors be equal, then an extra Competition will be set to decide between them.

The Editor of "CRICKET" will decide the order in which the Batsmen stand after the finish of the last match played in August, and his decision will be final.

"Cricket" is published every Thursday, and contains results of all the Matches for the week.

**HOW TO PROCEED.**—Write the figures 1 to 20, in column, on a post-card, and against them write the names of the Batsmen, as you believe they will occur. Write your name and address at the foot. Nothing else whatever to be written.

Address Post-card to CRICKET Editor, "LUDGATE MONTHLY," 12, Ludgate Sq., London.

All post-cards must reach us on or before Monday, 10th August, and the decision will be made in our October number, which will be obtainable at the end of September. Competitors can only send one post-card.

Any breach of above rules will disqualify.

We cannot answer any correspondence on the matter.

*The Competition last month was splendidly supported, and we are pleased to offer another Watch for August.*

## RIDDLE COMPETITION.

Competitors are to put the number of the riddle and then their answer to the same.

1.—Why is a jest like a fowl?

2.—When is a door not a door?

3.—What is the young lady's favourite age?

4.—When is the Emperor of Germany like a looking-glass?

5.—What is the most important letter to a stupid fellow who goes in for an examination?

*Three three-volume novels, each worth a Guinea and a-half, and two two-volume novels, each published at a Guinea, will be given as Prizes.*



A WEIGHTY QUESTION.

VOICE FROM THE BANK: "Hi, mister! Will it bear me an' Mickey?"



A SERIOUS LOSS.

"What's the matter, Eddie?"

"Willie Thomas has gone and moved out of this street, boo, boo."

"Well, don't cry; there are plenty of other little boys in the neighbourhood to play with."

"Y-es, b-u-t he's the o-n-l-y one I could l-i-c-k."

## ACTON & BORMAN'S SPECIALITIES:

### "PROTECTOR" KNIFE POLISH.

IN 3d PACKETS AND 6d 1s 2s 6d TINS EVERYWHERE.

### "ROYAL LUSTRE" BLACK LEAD

IN PACKETS, 1d. & 2d. ONE TRIAL SOLICITED.

### "GENUINE" EMERY-EMERY AND GLASS CLOTHS.

"ROYAL PATENT" FLEXIBLE GLASS PAPER.

BLOCK BLACK LEADS, KNIFE BOARDS, &c.

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ESTABLISHED 1781.



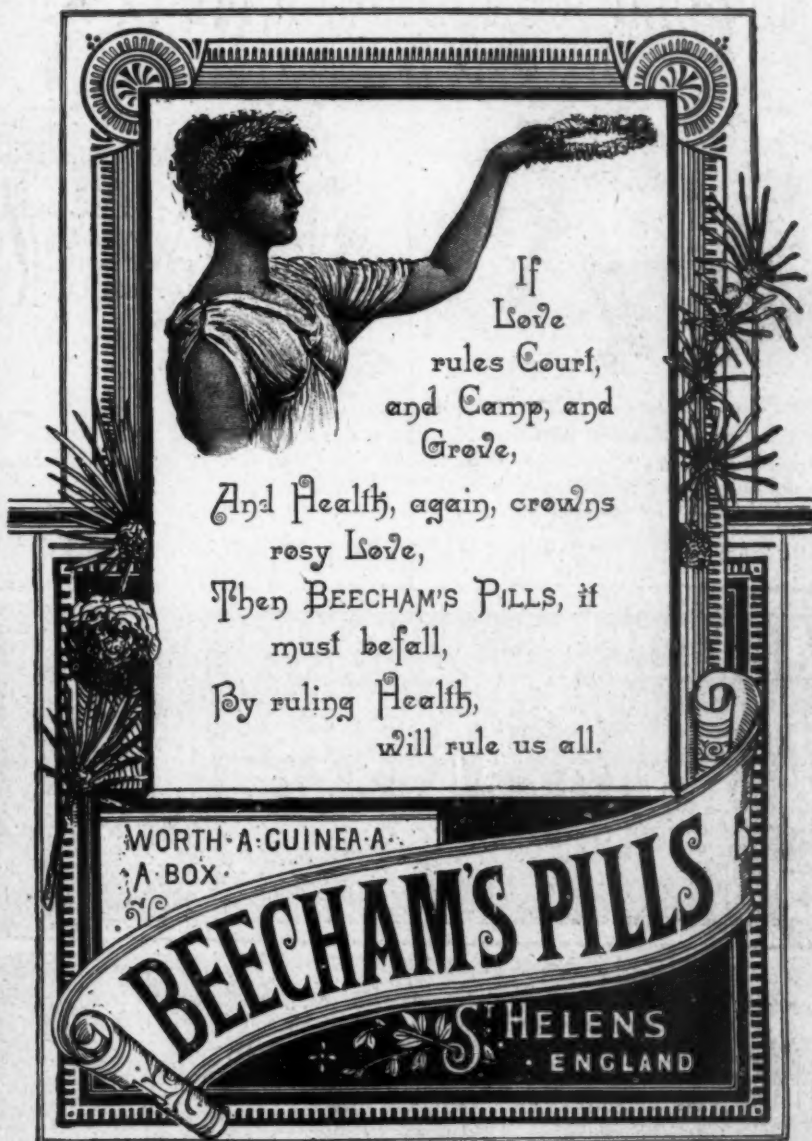
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A LASTING & BRILLIANT POLISH  
PRODUCED IMMEDIATELY  
WITHOUT WASTE OR DUST.  
IN 1d. 2d. & 4d. PACKETS - EVERYWHERE  
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### ACTON'S "PROTECTOR" KNIFE POLISH.

A SILVER SURFACE PRODUCED  
IMMEDIATELY ON CUTLERY,  
WITHOUT WEAR, FRICTION OR DUST.  
TINS 3s 6s 1/- & 2/- EACH  
DEPOT, 72, SHOE LANE, LONDON.

# A WONDERFUL MEDICINE.



If  
Love  
rules Court,  
and Camp, and  
Grove,  
And Health, again, crowns  
rosy Love,  
Then BEECHAM'S PILLS, it  
must befall,  
By ruling Health,  
will rule us all.

WORTH A GUINEA A  
BOX.

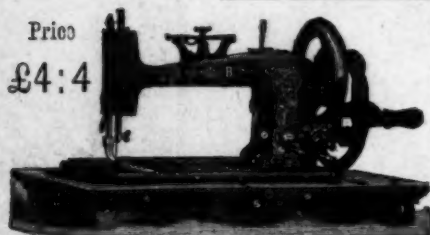
**BEECHAM'S PILLS**

ST. HELENS  
ENGLAND

Prepared only, and sold Wholesale, by the Proprietor, THOMAS BEECHAM, St. Helens, Lancashire.

Sold by all Druggists and Patent Medicine Dealers everywhere, in Boxes, 9d., 1s. 1½d., and 2s. 9d. each. Full directions with each box.

# THE AMERICAN 'DOMESTIC' HAND SEWING MACHINE.



Self-Setting Needles. Self-Adjusting Tensions. Powerful Feed. Plenty of Room under Arm and Presser Foot. Adjustable Shuttle, entirely Self-Threading. Very Large Bobbins, holding upwards of Fifty yards of Cotton. Loose Pulley for Winding Bobbin.

**PRICE £4 : 4**

Nickel Plated and Ornamented, and complete with Cover and the following accessories:—

12 Needles, 3 Hemmers, Quilter, 6 Bobbins, Guide and Screw, Oil Can (full of Oil), Screw Driver, and Instruction Book. Special Packing Box, 2/- Table and Stand for above, 32/-; with 2 Side Drawers, 44/6.

Liberal Discount for Cash. Write for fuller Particulars and Prospectus of our other styles.

AMERICAN DOMESTIC SEWING MACHINE CO., ST. BRIDE ST., LONDON, E.C.

WHITENS THE TEETH. PREVENTS DECAY

**ROWLAND'S**

**ODONTO**

A NON-ABRASIVE TOOTH POWDER

SWEETENS THE BREATH

SOLD BY CHEMISTS

A. ROWLAND & SONS  
20, HATTON GARDEN

**S & H HARRIS**

**Ebonite Blacking**

**WATERPROOF**

**BOOTS**

**SHOES**



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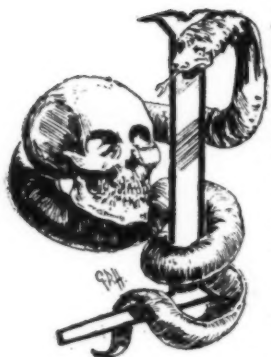
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"I SAW HER PROTRUDE A HIDEOUS FORKED TONGUE."

# THE EXTRAORDINARY CASE of MR. EBENSTAL

By D. F. HANNIGAN.



Jacob Ackroyd, solicitor, of Lincoln's Inn Fields, in the City of London, solemnly declare that the following narrative is true in substance and in fact:—

On the thirty-first of December last, I was seated in my private office, carefully perusing an exceedingly complicated deed, when Benjamin Wrayburn, my managing clerk, burst in upon me, rather abruptly.

I asked him, in a slightly irritable tone, what was the matter, and he replied, with a twinkle in his keen, grey eye, that a strange gentleman was waiting to see me, and had politely intimated that his business was of a most pressing and important character. I asked whether the gentleman had given his name, and Benjamin answered in the affirmative, adding that the new client's name was Mr. Reuben Ebenstal.

I told him to send up Mr. Ebenstal to me, without further delay, and putting aside the deed, I assumed the attitude of composure and vigilance with which I usually receive my clients.

Less than a minute had elapsed when a low tap at the door indicated that my client only wanted my permission to enter.

"Come in," said I, in a tone of as much firmness as I could command.

The new comer was a sallow-visaged man of about forty-five, attired in solemn black, and presenting altogether a somewhat semiclerical appearance.

"Pray sit down, Mr. Ebenstal," said I, pointing towards a chair, and keeping my eyes fastened upon him all the time.

Mr. Ebenstal, who appeared to be an unusually timid person, edged his way slowly towards the chair, deposited his hat beneath it, and cautiously balanced himself upon one corner of it, like a man who is afraid of sitting upon thistles.

I paused, expecting him to state his business, without further preliminaries; but, to my surprise, he only eyed me apprehensively, gasping like a man whose powers of articulation had been stricken with temporary paralysis.

For a few seconds we stared at one another in stony silence.

"I understand that you have called to see me on business of great importance?" said I, at last, compelled to take the lead.

"Ah!—ahem!—yes, business of importance," said Mr. Ebenstal, in a series of spasmodic jerks.

"Come, then, my worthy friend," I urged, with growing impatience, "let us hear what it is. You must know that this is a particularly busy hour with me."

"Oh! indeed, sir?" said Mr. Ebenstal, evidently rather disconcerted; "I am really very sorry to trouble you; but ——" Here he checked himself suddenly, and seemed unable, for the moment, to go further.

"I must remind you, Mr. Ebenstal," said I, "that my time is rather precious; and there is no necessity for this hesitation on your part. Remember that anything you

tell me is a confidential communication."

He coughed twice before he ventured to speak again. "I beg your pardon, Mr. Ackroyd," he faltered; "it is an extremely peculiar case, and I am at a loss how to lay the facts before you."

"Oh! nonsense," said I. "I have had a pretty long experience, and cases repeat themselves just like history. Even in the legal profession one realizes the truth of the old adage that 'there is nothing new under the sun.' Even these encouraging words did not seem to re-assure Mr. Ebenstal."

"You see, sir," he said, drawing out his words with an air of painful irresolution, "I am not what you would call a man of much imagination, nor have I much power of expression; and yet the matter I came to talk to you about is so extraordinary that anything I have ever read in a novel is commonplace compared with it."

"You excite my curiosity," said I, "and yet you try my patience not a little, I must confess. Come, no matter how you tell it, commence, Mr. Ebenstal. I'll be bound 'tis a matrimonial affair?"

A sickly smile, for an instant, flickered like a dying flame across Mr. Ebenstal's colourless face.

"Well, yes, sir," he replied; "but I am inclined to think it is very different from the great mass of matrimonial affairs."

"In what way?" I asked, in a tone which compelled him to give a direct answer.

"In this way, then, if I must tell the whole truth, Mr. Ackroyd," said my new client, as if he were nerving himself for a great effort, "that I am seeking to obtain a dissolution of marriage on grounds which may appear to you unnatural, or incredible."

"Unnatural? Incredible?" I repeated. "Do you mean to say that you want to obtain a divorce, or perhaps a decree of nullity, without proper legal grounds? In that case, you know the thing is impossible."

"It is not that," said Mr. Ebenstal. "The circumstances can scarcely have ever arisen before. I am not six months married; and yet—and yet—"

"Yes, yes," I cried, trying to dispel his timidity, "pray go on, Mr. Ebenstal."

"Well, then, sir, if I must enter into my wretched history," said Mr. Ebenstal, after another interval of silence, during which he seemed to struggle with some painful emotion, "I will tell it as best I can. As I was just observing, I am only six months married; but in that short space of time so many strange things have happened, that I feel as if a century had been added to my life. I remained a

bachelor till I was considerably past my fortieth year. I had devoted myself almost entirely to business pursuits, and I had been tolerably successful. I had not mixed much in society—in fact, I had led a very secluded and rather austere life; but I was in the habit of making periodical visits to Germany, where I happen to have some blood-relations as well as some business connection. I am, I may tell you, partly of German extraction. Well,

last spring, while I was staying with one of my kinsfolk, in the neighbourhood of the Black Forest, I met her who was destined to be my future wife. She was young, and exceedingly beautiful—so at least it seemed to me. Her name was Caroline Müller. She was, I discovered, an orphan, and had been brought up since she was a mere infant, by an eccentric old uncle, who allowed her to do as she pleased. He was not rich, but had quite enough to maintain himself and his niece without working at any trade, and, having nothing else to do, he amused himself by engaging in abstruse biological studies. He was supposed, in the locality where he lived, to have started some odd theory about man's



MY STRANGE CLIENT IS ANNOUNCED.

relations to the lower animals, and for this reason he was considered a very rank type of materialist. Be that as it may, he taught some of his strange doctrines to his niece, whom he had educated himself; and, when I asked her to marry me, I was fully prepared to find in her one whose views on religion, and on life generally, were a little distorted. I was, however, too deeply enamoured of her to care much about this. Never, perhaps, was there a more devoted lover, and, though Caroline did not seem to care much for me, she was persuaded by her uncle to accept me. In this old man there was something artful, sinister, and mysterious, and I now believe he looked on me with secret satisfaction, as an excellent subject on which to exercise his accursed wiles; but 'tis only within the past few weeks that this explanation of his conduct suggested itself to my mind. I never entertained a doubt concerning either himself or his niece before my marriage, which took place in a little Jewish synagogue, not far from Johann Müller's house, on the borders of the Black Forest. Both uncle and niece professed the same faith as myself; but I now believe that their religious professions were really only a *ruse* to deceive me."

"Excuse my interrupting you," I interposed, "but please do not mind telling me what you believe. Confine yourself to facts, or, at least, to what you assume to be actual occurrences."

"I am coming to the most singular part of the transaction," said Mr. Ebenstal, in the same serious but unimpassioned style. "After we were married, we travelled through Germany, and visited some of the chief cities in Holland and Belgium. When I told him that I lived in London—a fact which I had not

hitherto touched upon—and that she should reside with me there, she appeared rather disappointed at first, and suggested that, at any rate, her uncle should accompany us to England, and reside with us as a regular member of the family. In my blind infatuation I assented to this proposal. I wrote to her uncle, and told him to meet us at Antwerp. It was not long ere he arrived there. I saw by his look of ill-disguised exultation that the arrangement had been planned beforehand between himself and Caroline; and yet I had not enough of manly determination to protest against it even at the eleventh hour. Ere we reached London, my eyes had been further opened to the dark and evil designs of this inhuman old wretch. He clung to me like a vampire; and, though he did not exactly seek to murder me, he evidently intended to live upon me, not only in a pecuniary sense, but physically and actually. Before he joined us, my health had been uniformly good; but, ever since, my face has entirely lost its colour, and I have rapidly been wasting away. It is only within the past few months that I have become the miserable hypochondriac I am now."

He heaved a sigh, and beads of clammy perspiration started to his forehead.

"Oh! God!" he cried, suddenly, with an ejaculation such as he had not previously exhibited. "I can not tell you all."

"Let me get you a glass of wine," said I, starting up.

He made a faint protest; but I did not pretend to heed it.

As soon as I had poured out a glass of wine for my strange client, and urged him to drink it off, some signs of returning animation showed themselves on his sallow visage.

He raised the glass to his lips, and finished about half its contents.



"MY STRANGE CLIENT."

"You feel better now, don't you?" said I; and, as the task of listening to Mr. Ebenstal's story was slightly fatiguing, I thought I could not do better than pour out a glass of sherry for myself, too.

"Oh! yes, thank you, Mr. Ackroyd, I am much better," was his reply. "I was just telling you about — about —"

Again he hesitated, and got confused.

"You were speaking about your wife's uncle," I observed emphatically.

"Oh! of course, sir," he returned. "Thank you for reminding me of it, though, indeed, it is an unpleasant topic. He was a wicked man, Mr. Ackroyd—a devil incarnate. He robbed me of every spark of energy I possessed. He found out all my business-secrets—in fact, everything that I wished to keep concealed—and seemed to read my very thoughts.

"He made me a puppet in his hands, and, ere long, I could scarcely say that I was a free agent. He laughed scornfully at my moral prejudices, as he called them. He said his own opinion was that both Judaism and Christianity were living lies, and that all religion was a hollow mockery. He told me that neither he nor his niece believed in any existing creed, and he urged me to follow their example. Gradually, I began to abandon the religious practices I had always observed; and, as for Caroline, she seemed to have no conception of what was meant by the word 'conscience.' She seemed to me a lovely enigma for the first month of our marriage. I found in her mysterious faculties, which seemed to raise her either above or below humanity. But soon a new revelation dawned upon me. My beautiful wife, who, when she appeared—as she did, pretty often, at balls and public festivities—was looked upon as, at the same time, the handsomest and the most singular woman ever seen in London society, was truly a most peculiarly organized being. It was clear that she had not one feeling in

common with me. She was daring, queenly, fascinating; but she had no capacity for love, no sympathy, no softness in her nature. Moreover, she was, if possible, a greater sceptic than her uncle—in fact, an atheist of the most uncompromising type. I was often shocked at her profanity, which amounted to actual impiety. She spoke with irreverence, and even hatred, of the sacred name which Jew and Christian are bound to reverence—the great name of God. Towards me she exhibited not one particle of affection, and yet she never shrank from my caresses. But, one night, as we sat side by side, together—her uncle had retired—she burst into a fierce laugh, like that which might have come from some wild animal, at some words of endearment which I happened to utter, and, for the first time, I saw her protrude a hideous forked tongue. I drew back in sheer affright. She

seemed to enjoy my discomfiture."

"Reuben Ebenstal," she exclaimed, "poor, foolish mortal! do you know what it is you have wedded? Look! Look!"

"I did look; and what did I behold? Not a woman, surely; for those gleaming, golden scales, those snake eyes, that hissing tongue, were not the attributes of womanhood! Then, with a sense of sickening horror, which no language can describe, I saw a fearful transformation take place in her entire appearance. The dress she wore—a rich and fashionable robe—seemed only to cling around the winding form of a creeping, bright-coloured, species of animal—an appalling combination of woman and reptile! There was still loveliness, grace, and symmetry; but it was the loveliness, grace, and symmetry of a serpent. I fled from her side with a cry of despair. I rushed into the street. I tore my hair like a madman, and, sobbing, asked myself, 'What shall I do? In the name of Heaven, what shall I do?'



"WHAT SHALL I DO?"



"WAS THERE MORE OF THE WOMAN OR THE SERPENT ABOUT HER?"

"After a struggle with myself, I grew calmer. The cool air of the night helped to restore my mind to its normal condition.

"I will go and consult some eminent physician," I thought. "He may, perhaps, be able to throw some light on the mystery."

"I took heart of grace, as the hope of possible relief sprang up in my heart. What had just happened had for weeks before been shadowed forth by strange presentiments; and I had sufficient knowledge of physiology to be aware that there are such things as monsters—beings, which, though of human origin, could scarcely be said to be of human shape. This, however, afforded no adequate explanation of the difficulty. I resolved to seek an interview with Dr. Charles Addison, who was one of the best authorities, at least in London,

upon cases of deformity, or abnormal organization. He had written a remarkable work on 'Gynecology,' which had been spoken of as one of the most striking and original contributions to medical philosophy. You see, Mr. Ackroyd, I was, for a layman, rather fond of medical studies, and so I knew enough to enable me to pitch upon a man of established reputation."

"I found Dr. Addison at home. He received me with the utmost cordiality. He listened to my account of the extraordinary occurrence of that evening. At first he laughed at me—then he took the matter more gravely. At length, he said—

"Why should I not visit your wife to-night on the plea of her being, let us say, in a hysterical condition?"

"I caught at the suggestion eagerly.

"Yes, yes, do come, doctor!" I cried—

'Come for God's sake! I cannot live another hour in that house, unless you come and do something to help me!'

"He yielded to my appeal without further hesitation. We both walked across to my house together, and I opened the hall-door with a latch-key. I led the way up to my wife's room. The door was not locked, and so we managed to steal in on tiptoe.

"She was seated on an easy chair before a glowing fire. Her face shone resplendently. She wore a loose dressing-robe. It was hard at that moment to tell whether there was more of the woman or the serpent about her; but one thing I noticed—that her eyes had the peculiar snakey lustre which I had seen in them before I had, that very evening, rushed away from her in sheer terror.

"Ere Dr. Addison had time to utter a single word, we both heard a step close behind us, and looking over my shoulder, I saw the evil face of Johann Müller.

"Ah! *mein Gott!*" he laughed. 'What have we here? A strange man—yah, a physician, as I live!'

"Yes, sir, I *am* a physician,' said Dr. Addison, with a stern bow, 'and I have come, at her husband's request, to see this lady, who is, I understand, in anything but a good state of health.'

"You lie, Herr Doctor, you utter one infernal lie,' said the old man, with his guttural German pronunciation. 'She is well—she is very well; and it is her idiot of a husband whose head is turned. He does not appreciate the lovely creature he has married. He is a fool and a madman.'

"The doctor cast a quick look of inquiry at me, scanning me half-doubtingly, half-

wistfully. Then he directed his glance towards the old man's face.

"I looked also at Johann Müller. Did my senses deceive me? or did I really see beads of flame in those sockets where his eyes had been?

"Ah! great God!' I suddenly burst out, 'this, indeed, is not a man, but a demon!'

"I now could see his withered features lit up by a lurid glow.

"Be it so, idiotic raver!' he said. 'I am at any rate something more worthy of admiration and respect than a feeble thing like you. See you both'—addressing myself and the doctor at the same time—'

I have here that which, for the present at least, removes me to a safe distance from such pestiferous wretches as Reuben Ebenstal. By and by, however, the hour of my vengeance shall come!'

"He drew forth from an inner coat-pocket a long phial containing some curious, red fluid.

"This," said he, 'is

a draught which no mortal hand has prepared. Behold! it transports me in one instant to the spirit-world!'

"He drank a small quantity of the contents of the phial, and then dropped it on the ground, where it was shattered to pieces. The result, indeed, seemed quite miraculous. Ere a word could be spoken, Johann Müller had vanished, as if by magic!

"Even the doctor looked amazed. He snatched up a fragment of the broken phial, but dropped it instantaneously with an exclamation of astonishment.

"My God!' he cried, 'it is as hot as a live coal!'



"LOOK AT THAT!" EXCLAIMED MR. EBENSTAL.

"Before I could say anything in reply, the figure, which had been reclining in the easy-chair before the fire, sprang up suddenly, and with the snake-light in her eyes, Caroline glared around.

"What! My uncle gone? My guardian, my protector gone?" she exclaimed—"Wretch! what have you done with him?"—and, with a menacing hiss, she flung herself upon me.

"Well for me, then, that I had Dr. Addison beside me, for had he not interposed, that moment would, I believe, have been my last on earth. He dragged me bodily out of the room, and led me forth into the open air. It was frightful! I could almost feel the fangs of the serpent on my throat. Oh! God! Oh! merciful God! and this was my wife!"

The poor wretch, at this point, was so completely choked by his overpowering emotions, that his voice absolutely failed him. He stretched forth his hands for the glass, which was still half filled with wine.

In spite of my professional training, my sympathies were aroused. I re-filled the glass, and raised it to his lips.

"This is, indeed, a very strange affair," I said to myself. "It seems like a study in demonology." Then, seeing that my client had recovered a little, I addressed him in this fashion: "It certainly does look as if some devilish influence were at work, Mr. Ebenstal; but I don't see how I can give you any legal assistance. In fact, I am afraid I can do nothing."

"Nothing," he repeated, with a look of pitiful disappointment. "Why—why should I not be able, on the evidence I have given you, to dissolve this hellish marriage?"

"Well, you must know," said I, very gravely, "that the law has provided no machinery adapted to cases of this kind. It is presumed that unions of such an unnatural description are impossible. The law, at any rate, acts on that assumption.

The only grounds for dissolving marriage are —."

"Hush! hush!" broke in Mr. Ebenstal, lifting up his bloodless forefinger. "See! She is here! She—she has pursued me even to this place. Look at that!—oh! look at that, and tell me whether all I have said is not true—too, too true!"

He pointed towards the door. I turned my eyes in the direction indicated by Mr. Ebenstal, and, unless it can be assumed that I was at that moment the victim of a temporary hallucination, I distinctly traced the shining figure, and the sinuous movements of a gliding body, with glittering scales, and heard the peculiar hiss, which is such a well-known characteristic of the serpent.

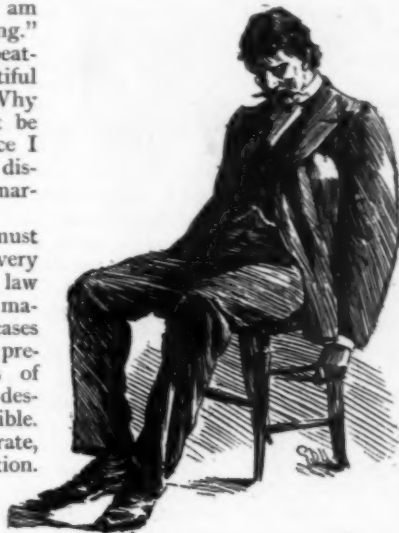
I should have been more, or less, than human to have remained unmoved by such an awful experience.

After a pause of some minutes, during which I felt rather stupefied, I turned towards my miserable client.

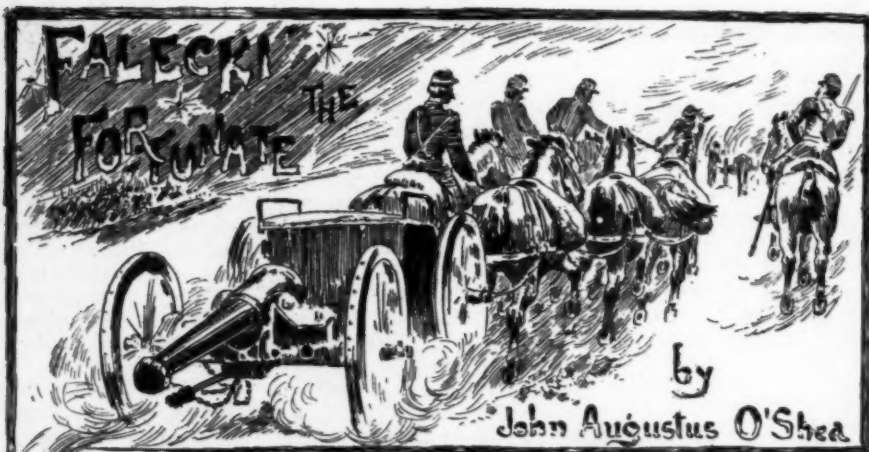
"Take courage, my friend!" I murmured. "Whatever it was, it has disappeared! Don't lose heart! We may do something for you yet!"

But no response came from the lips of Mr. Ebenstal. I now saw that his lips were blanched, and his teeth clenched together. His eyes glared at vacancy. He was beyond the reach, and beyond the help, of either law or physic!

A sense of duty has prompted me to publish the facts of this extraordinary case, as far as I have been able to collect them. I am not aware whether any next-of-kin of Mr. Ebenstal can be found to pursue the investigation; but death has removed the seal of confidence imposed on me, and justice may require that guilt, even though hidden under mysterious forms, should be tracked out and punished. In any event, the transcendent interest of this case justifies me in placing the entire narrative before the public.



BEYOND THE HELP OF LAW OR PHYSIC.



"I am simply the luckiest dog in creation."

And why? Because he, Casimir Falecki, had been forced back by the pressure of the crowd applauding Marengo and the 81st at their passage under the Porte Serpenoise, into Metz, and had stumbled into a deep ditch, with such a

helpless force that he had broken several of his front teeth.

"What do you mean? Lucky!" said a comrade, who had helped to clear the earth from his bruised face, and the crimson stains from his chin.

"Lucky, for three reasons," said the injured optimist. "In the first place, if I had on my new uniform the blood would have spoiled it; next, I had a bad tooth, and that is gone without the cost and suspense of having it pulled; and, lastly, I can talk French freely now, and these wags of Zouaves surely won't mock my way of pronouncing it."

These Zouaves—as they roamed about the town off-duty, or grouped by the side of the entering regiments, or even trolled gay lilts from comic opera on the bridge by the Prefecture, as the Moselle hissed and sparkled in frothy rush over the ledges in the white moonlight—were as frolicsome as

street-arabs. The lads in fez were mostly Parisians of the Beni Mouff-Mouff, or the tribe that pitches its tents in the neighbourhood of the Rue Mouffetard, close to the manufactory where the tapestry of Gobelins is woven; and they loved to crack jokes at the expense of the honest folk of Metz, who, truth to tell, speak French with a suspiciously German accent.

Now, Falecki was not confident of his French, although he had been educated in the Latin Quarter, for by birth he was a Pole, and hated Prussia, which was one of the Powers that had confederated in the partition of his native land. Young, vigorous, and enthusiastic, he had offered his services to the War-office on the outbreak of hostilities, and was appointed interpreter on the staff of Bourbaki, the General commanding the Imperial Guard. The French were going to over-run Germany, you know; and as the ordinary French officer of twenty years ago could not be expected to condescend to learn any tongue but his own, it was only good-natured to employ those sympathetic foreigners who understood German to explain to the sons of the Fatherland, in a genial fashion, how gracious a compliment the French were paying them by visiting their fields and teaching them ideas of civilization.

Falecki had suffered more than his happy spirit would permit him to own. The majority of the upper pillars in the vestibule of his mouth had been shattered, and his comrade suggested that he would be the better for a visit to a dentist, whose

shop they were passing at the moment in the main street leading from the esplanade to the river. Casimir consented. After a brief examination, the practitioner remarked that his beauty was not enhanced.

"My little girl won't think the worse of me for that," said Falecki.

"Then she is unlike her sex."

"Bah! She is partial to wounds."

"She is a peculiar lady. Not French, I take it?"

"Yes, she is French, if anything."

The dentist stared.

"Her name is Glory."

The dentist smiled and said, that there was none like a Gaul (which Falecki was not, as we are aware) for making the best of a misfortune, and turning an accident into an epigram. "You had better have these loosened teeth out. Shall I put you under the influence of laughing gas?"

Falecki declined to resort to sops to agony during the operation, sat in the chair, and quietly submitted to the forceps. Four teeth had to be drawn, the intervals between extraction being punctuated by nips of brandy.

"Return in a couple of days when the flesh shall be harder, and I can take a mould for a new set of incisors. I'll let you have a perfect fit, and cheap."

A perfect fit they were, and as natural as life. As for the price, that was reasonable, and the sunnystoned Falecki argued that the indent on his *entrée en campagne*, the gift of some hundreds of francs which officers receive at the opening of active service, went more sensibly in supplying artificial teeth than in gratifying artificial thirst. That was how too many spent their money. With a certain proportion, not reckless subalterns merely, but tough, grizzled veterans, the motto of Sardanapalus was popular: "Eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow we die."

And if perchance they lived, they would live upon the enemy.

So for a heedless term there was wild carouse, cards were played, songs were sung, and liquors of every degree flowed, from bubbling champagne to titillating beer.

Metz was sprightly, and brilliant as sunshine on quivering gold-leaf, and inclined to vaunt in those days, except in the Prefecture, down by the broad, shallow, simmering river; and there, in a room where the lights shone late of nights, pored and studied a gloomy man. He brooded over his desk, and sighed sometimes, and had the expression of lassitude in every ply of his features. He was conscious of the magnitude of the stake at hazard. The fate of his house was on the turn of the die. But the gladiators who were about to sacrifice themselves for Caesar were arrogant in their confidence. Outside in the city, there was careless trust in luck, or in the destiny of the invincible French arms. Old Algerian warriors sat on the terrace of the Hotel de l'Europe, and swore strange oaths, and absorbed the sickly, salad-green absinthe. They babbled soldier scandal, tried to freshen stale quips by new guffaws, and never bestowed a serious thought on the foe. He was beneath



THE INTERVALS WERE PUNCTUATED BY NIPS OF BRANDY.

contempt, or they were basking in a fool's paradise. Some portion of the Grand Army of the Rhine defiled almost daily through the thoroughfares to encamp in the outskirts. The entry of the cavalry of the Imperial Guard was a gala-pageant in the splendour and variety of uniforms. There were no bands. These had been suppressed by Marshal Niel; but each corps was preceded by its trumpeters, piercing the air with their shrill, martial fanfares. The Dragoons and lusty Carbineers, with their gleaming helmets, with trailing fans of horse-hair; the stalwart Cuirassiers, in pigeon-breasted armour, mounted on huge Norman chargers; the slim Hussars and Chasseurs, on their elegant cattle from the choicest breeds of Tarbes; the Lancers, with pennons fluttering at their spear-heads, and the dandy Guides, fierce in their overhanging busbies, with tall plumes, and seated on their wiry, flea-bitten Arab stallions. Ah, it was a spectacle to stir the pulses—a jubilee picture in a gorgeous summer framing. That was the bright side of war—its pride, pomp, and circumstance; but there was a reverse. As the whinnying steeds, with arched necks, paced by, clattering their harness, one might have been excused for imagining

that these squadrons were invincible.

Falecki shared in the belief, for had he not seen a room "as big as this, so high and so wide," glancing at the ceiling and spreading out his arms, choke full of maps of Germany, and addresses, requisitions and billets printed in German?

"Faith, my son of Sarmatia," said an Irish war-correspondent to him, with a wink, "we'll have the height of fine eating and drinking in Prussia—when we get there." Yes, Yes, Napoleon I. had a bundle of proclamations to the people of Belgium in his post-carriage captured at Genappe, dated from the chateau of Laeken, where he expected to sleep on the night of the 18th of June, 1815.

The very day the artificial incisors took up garrison, the interpreter's uniform was tried on, a sub-lieutenant's, as could be gathered from the solitary epaulette of gilded whip-cord lace.

"How do you like it, child of Hibernia?"

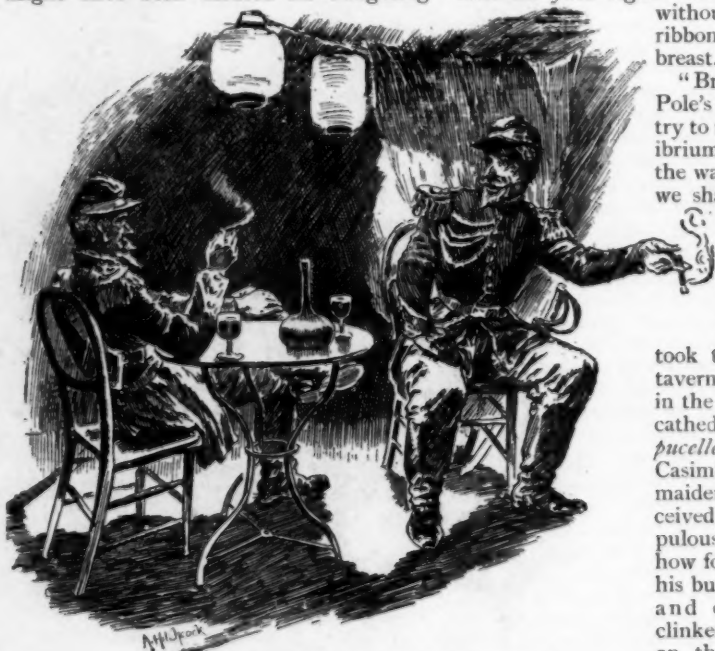
"Troth! it's beautiful entirely, sets you off to a nicety and fits like your new teeth; but it wants something."

"Let me know at once, while the tailor is here."

"The tailor can't remedy it. That epaulette on your right shoulder is lop-sided without a scrap of red ribbon on your left breast."

"Bravo!" and the Pole's face beamed, "I'll try to restore the equilibrium of power before the war is over. Come, we shall wet the uniform; not here, though."

They left the Hotel Hogwash, as they playfully called it, and took their way to the tavern curiously inset in the outer wall of the cathedral of Metz *la pucelle*. How proud Casimir was of the maiden salutes he received, and how scrupulous to return them, how fondly he caressed his budding moustache and ostentatiously clinked his scabbard on the pavement, the



"OLD ALGERIAN WARRIORS SAT AND SWORE STRANGE OATHS."

popinjay!—steady, did I not know a stripling in the long ago, who fell in love, Narcissus-like, with his own reflection in cap and gown, and hied him to the photographer's the first time he donned a tunic? All of us have our little vanities. As they passed the Hotel de l'Europe, with its animated crowds seated at round tables or standing in front, officers of every arm, artists and correspondents, gendarmes and orderlies, Falecki pointed out some of the notabilities among the groups. That sturdy, low-sized, bullet-headed man, with close cropped white hair, was Bazaine, worn petrel of war; the little fellow, so urbanely bowing, was Jarras, of the staff; the colossus, in cocked hat and sky blue coat, adorned with loops of gold cord on the breast—pshaw! a soldier of parade for all his size, a lieutenant of the Cent-Gardes; but that other, a true soldier, one who had served his apprenticeship in Africa and won a renown for valour in Italy and the Crimea, that was his fiery chief, Bourbaki, the Parisian, of Greek extraction.

As he was idly moistening the uniform, the interpreter was summoned to the Hotel de l'Europe, where two officers of Baden Dragoons had been brought in prisoners. They, with Count Zeppelin of the Wurtemberg staff, a comrade, Lieutenant Winslow, and three troopers, had been attacked by the 12th French Chasseurs, while making an adventurous reconnaissance at Schirlenhof, on the Saar. Zeppelin escaped, and Winslow, the Englishman, was killed—the first officer slain on the German side in the war.

"A thousand bombs!" chuckled one of the old Algerian campaigners on the terrace; "it is smiling. Our boys are already in the Black Forest."

That was almost the only legitimate exercise of his duties Falecki was called upon to discharge.

Whether the Imperial Guard was luckier than its brother army corps depended on the point of view taken, that of the coward or the brave man. At Saarbrücken, on the 6th of August—this battle has another name with the French, but to the victors the

privilege of title—it was not present; at Courcelles, on the 14th, it was not engaged; at Gravelotte, on the 18th, only the Grenadiers were tardily pushed to the front; and at Noisseville, at the close of the month, it was in reserve under cover of Fort St. Julien. Vionville, on the 16th of August, was its red-letter day, when the Cuirassiers charged in three echelons on the German infantry, to give breathing space to their own harassed footmen, and later, when Picard's division of Grenadiers, under the personal leadership of Bourbaki, deployed on Rezonville, to protect the plateau of Gravelotte, Falecki was there with his chief, and though he did not unsheathe his sword, he experienced the fierce and varying torments

of combat more powerfully than if he were sweating in the stress of action. It was an obstinate and a bloody fight, and as night fell on the scene, and sighs and moans succeeded to the tumult of strife, nigh ten thousand corpses littered the field, and twice that number of wounded almost envied them that they were beyond their sufferings.

After Noisseville, the hope of evading the belt of foemen was abandoned, the investment was complete, the only chance lay in a movement from the outside, which might release the German grasp; but from whom was that to come? Metz knew, in a cloudy but sufficiently certain way, of the defeat of Sedan and the fall of the Empire, and regular soldiers had no extravagant faith in

the prowess of raw Republican levies. Still France was a great, an unaccountable nation, and miracles might be performed, as earlier in the century. But the poetry of the war had evaporated, and now came the leaden prose. The weather was rainy and the bivouacs were comfortless, sickness broke out, provisions ran scarce, horses had to be slaughtered for human food, and to save them from slow death by starvation, and such tales of disaster filtered through the lines as deepened the general despondency and depression. Bazaine had sent out, at different periods in September, secret messengers to the Government of National Defence, acquainting them



FALECKI'S DISGUISE.

with his condition ; but received no response. There were occasional skirmishes on the circle of investment, but these were merely to seize supplies, keep the men from sluggish despair, and hinder the enemy from detaching forces to attack France elsewhere. Falecki busied himself in the ambulances when he was not trotting about on one confidential mission or another for his General, with whom he had grown into high favour. On the 7th of October, Bazaine addressed a private letter to his Corps, commanders, and others of exalted rank, asking their advice as to the course he ought to pursue ; and on the 10th a council of war was held, when it was decided

on the 21st of October, Bazaine prepared another missive to be forwarded to the Provisional Government. This it was resolved to convey to its destination by six secret agents, and volunteers of resource and intelligence were demanded. Falecki's opportunity had arrived, he forthwith handed in his name, as one willing to make the dangerous attempt to cross the lines, with the sanction of his chief. His offer was accepted. He would be ready in three hours. His first preparatory visit was to the dentist who had made his artificial teeth.

"I want you," he said, "to drill a cavity in two of these teeth."

"Agreed ; I understand, without further hint. Out with the plate."

The job was neatly done.

"Now, make a gap in the edge of another."

The dentist looked at him with admiration, and artistically did as required.

He would accept no pay.

"Farewell, and God bless you and your mission, for I am sure it is something for the good of poor France," and they parted with a grip.

When the interpreter presented himself at head quarters he was with difficulty identified. His face and hands were dirty, a filthy, coloured handkerchief enveloped his head, a slovenly gabardine vainly dissembled the secrets of a sordid canvas shirt, and the high boots on his feet had corners in them, as if he had been gnawing them to assuage the pangs of hunger.

"At your orders, Marshal," he said.

"Already ? How do you propose to secrete the message ?"

"I have thought over that. I have my plan. But how shall I convince our people that I am not a German spy ?"

"Insist on being taken in custody to Tours, and when you get there ask to be led before the Bishop, and mention this to him," and Bazaine whispered into Falecki's private ear.

"He will know you are to be trusted."

A square inch of blank paper, thin as onion peel, was given to the Pole.

"But this has nothing on it," he exclaimed.

"To make it speak, pass iodine over it."

It was written on with rice water.



"SAVE ME," FALECKI CRIED.

to send General Boyer to the German head quarters at Versailles, to ascertain the real state of France, and the terms likely to be obtained in exchange for submission at Metz. On the 12th, the emissary was let out on a safe-conduct transmitted by wire from the King of Prussia, and five days afterwards he returned, reporting that nothing could be done without guarantee from a Government of France recognized by Prussia. Boyer was sent a second time to Versailles, with instructions to go thence to England to interest the Empress Regent to prevail on the King of Prussia to grant favourable conditions to Bazaine's command. Political negotiations were outside the domain of army leaders, and consequently,

Falecki rolled it into a pea, wrapped oil skin round it and made pretence to swallow it as if it were a pill.

At twilight he was conducted to the extreme outpost of the French, in the wood of Vaux. At a preconcerted signal the officer in charge bade him good-bye and good luck. Bending low, he crept some fifty yards, then rose to his height, and shouting: "save me, brethren," in German, rushed across the open and fell into the arms of a field watch of Von Zastrow's men. The French gave him a parting volley of blank cartridge. The gaunt, tanned, frightened scarecrow, well nigh breathless, jabbering German incoherently, laughing and embracing the gruff, Westphalian Fusiliers, was marched to the rear, to the shelter occupied by a strong picket.

The commanding officer asked him to render an account of himself. He was a German Pole, a poor pedlar, he had been shut up in Metz, he had suffered, oh! how he had suffered, beaten, starved, insulted, that was worst of all! Thrown into prison for nothing, compelled to do the most loathsome work. Driven to desperation, he had resolved to escape or perish.

"Strip and search him," said the officer.

He threw off his garments. They were lifted and carefully examined by one set of soldiers, while another investigated his ears, raised his arms, and looked under the armpits, and called on him to open his mouth. He did. "Nothing there; the little grub inside must have been hard, for one is newly broken." There was a rough laugh. "Off with that handkerchief on his head." Falecki demurred. It was torn away, and a heap of coppers tumbled on the ground. There was a roar. His hair was run through. "The poor devil is all right," said an under-officer, who recommended him to dress again, it was so cold. "Give him food." And did not Falecki, who had

cautiously fasted for hours, do justice to what was put before him? He was next marched to a larger post farther behind in the direction of the battle-field of Vionville, and subjected to a series of minute inquiries as to what he knew of the condition of Metz, and the position of the forces, and how they felt. These he met with the well-feigned ignorance of a stupid man, only anxious for himself. Finally he was set free on his pretended journey to Germany, and secured a seat on a market-tender's cart travelling towards Verdun, which was beset by the Germans. Skirting a plantation, they were captured, to his joy, by an ambush of Francs-Tireurs. Falecki, assuming an air of authority, demanded to be brought before their leader, who turned out to be a courteous and intelligent nobleman from

the vicinity of Rheims, quite an exception to the class of men who officered these patriotic marauders. After a short interview with him, he convinced the Comte de B—— that he was the bearer of an important despatch from Metz, and arrangements were made to have him escorted to the nearest open railwayline under French



"THEY WERE TAKEN PRISONERS."

control. Falecki would not consent to change his shabby disguise—he clung to it as a certificate of service—nor yet to give the slightest information about the army of beleaguered Frenchmen which he had left behind, lest it might in any way compromise the cause. On his arrival at Tours, he was led before the Bishop, and delivered the countersign from Bazaine, which established his trustworthiness. He requested to be shown to the Prefecture, where the Comte de B—— had already gone with the story that a sub-lieutenant of the Guard had got out of the toils, with tidings from Metz. Ascending the staircase, and passing through an ante-chamber, he was ushered into the presence of a tall, robust, broad-shouldered man, under the middle age, and bronzed

of complexion, with a shock of black hair like to a leonine mane depending to his shoulders.

"You come from Metz? What have you to tell?" he said in a deep, earnest voice.

Falecki put his hand to his mouth, and produced an oil-skin nut-sized packet from a cavity in his teeth. Removing the oil-skin, it was about as large as a pea. Unfolding it, he spread a sheet of apparently blank paper on the table, and brushing this over with iodine, which he had procured at a druggist's, the following lines revealed themselves in blue characters:—

"Several times I have sent men of good will with news of the army and of Metz. Our position has grown worse since, and I have not had a syllable from Paris or Tours. It is urgent to know what is passing in the country and the capital, for before long famine will force me to adopt a line in the interests of France and this army."

A painful and not very enlightening message. That Bazaine was in a sullen mood, and meditated capitulation rather than an effort to extricate himself, required no soothsayer to divine.

The stranger ran over its contents, reflected a few moments, as if unconscious of the Pole, and, looking up, said kindly: "You are hungry, doubtless. When you have had refreshments I should like to have a long talk with you," and then, approaching Falecki, he laid his hand familiarly on his shoulder, and continued, "You brought

this at the peril of your life. Brave fellow! What fatigues and privations you must have undergone!"

"I did, sir—I mean, your Excellency."

"No, no, we are under a Republic now. I had rather you would call me citizen. Naturally, you expect some recompense."

"Naturally, citizen."

"Ah, that is right. I will give you an order for one thousand francs, and I promise you my interest to have you put in some useful post before that is exhausted."

"I will be grateful for the post, so long as it is in the fighting line, but as for the

order—well, citizen, I would not have ventured my skin for money."

"But you are not French?"

"I am a Pole. Honour is as precious a commodity in my country as in France."

"Ah, I see. Good, excellent. You were a sub-lieutenant in Bourbaki's command. You want your epaulette balanced?"

"Perfectly."

"I admire you, word of honour. You shall have a second on the other shoulder. How is this? You look disappointed."

"I am disappointed. I do not want the epaulette."

"What then?" and a light dawned on Gambetta. "Ah! stupid that I was. The Cross of the Legion of Honour, you ask. You shall have both, Captain Casimir Falecki, and I wish you joy. Shake hands, you are a southern Frenchman, who drew his first breath by some accident in the cold north."



HE PRODUCED A NUT-SIZED PACKET FROM A CAVITY IN HIS TEETH.

# THE Oval

BY C. W. ALCOCK



C. W. ALCOCK.

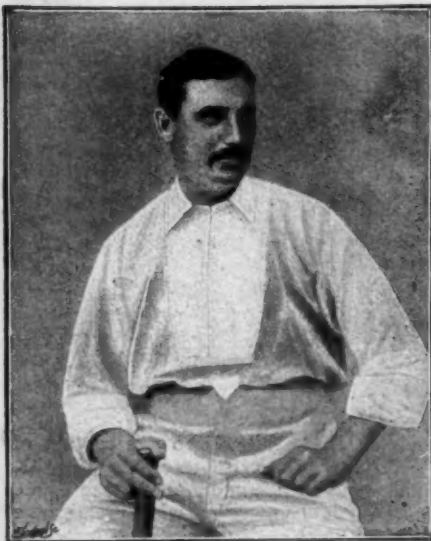
THE Oval, with the accent on the article, an' it please you. There is a good old story, something of a chestnut, though it be, illustrative of the veneration in which cricket and cricket-eters are held

at some of our most fashionable seats of learning. A small boy (no doubt one of the type Juvenal had in his mind when he spoke of *ingenui vultus puer ingenique pudoris*), asked by one of his parents whether F. C. Cobden, who, it will be remembered, pulled the Inter-University match out of the fire for Cambridge when everyone had given it up as lost, was any relation to the great Cobden, replied, with unfeigned indignation: "He is *the* Great Cobden." A similar proof of the hero-worship which permeates most of our public schools was recently given in an account of the celebration of the Eton Commemoration. A youngster at Eton College was asked to put down the names of the four most celebrated Etonians that he knew. His list was the Duke of Wellington, the Prince of Wales, the Archbishop of Canterbury, and Mr. Gladstone; but, as an afterthought, he struck out the last and inserted the name of H. W. Bainbridge, a

popular Eton athlete, who was captain of the college cricket eleven in the eighties, and, some years later, filled the same position in connection with Cambridge University. No doubt, in each case, the sense of proportion was lacking, but, nevertheless, there is a large section which has for its ideal the perfection of physical excellence. To the disciples of this particular school the only Grace before as well as after meat is furnished in the person of the burly batsman known all the world over by his initials of W. G. To them, there is but one Grand Old Man—the



MR. J. SHUTER.



MR. W. W. READ.

G. O. M. of cricket. In the same way there is to the initiated at least, only one Oval. There are other open spaces which may be entitled to claim the same title by virtue of their shape, but they are of the common or garden order by comparison. At one time it used, for purposes of distinction, to be called Kennington Oval, but, by general consent, the prefix has been dropped as superfluous, and the Oval, *tout court* it is, and will be, I hope, through the ages. Only to show how thoroughly it monopolizes the public attention was shown, very recently, in a law suit before one of Her Majesty's Judges, one, too, whose family has been identified with cricket more than one generation. It was a suit respecting some proposed building operations at Brixton Oval, but Mr. Justice Grantham, with only one Oval in his mind's eye, expressed his regret that a ground which had done so much to promote recreation was in jeopardy. It may be the immortal Mr. Bumble was right in asserting the law is a Hass, still Homer, even, was said to nod, and the Judge's error was a pardonable one. For, after all, there is but one Oval, and cricket is its prophet, or rather profit.

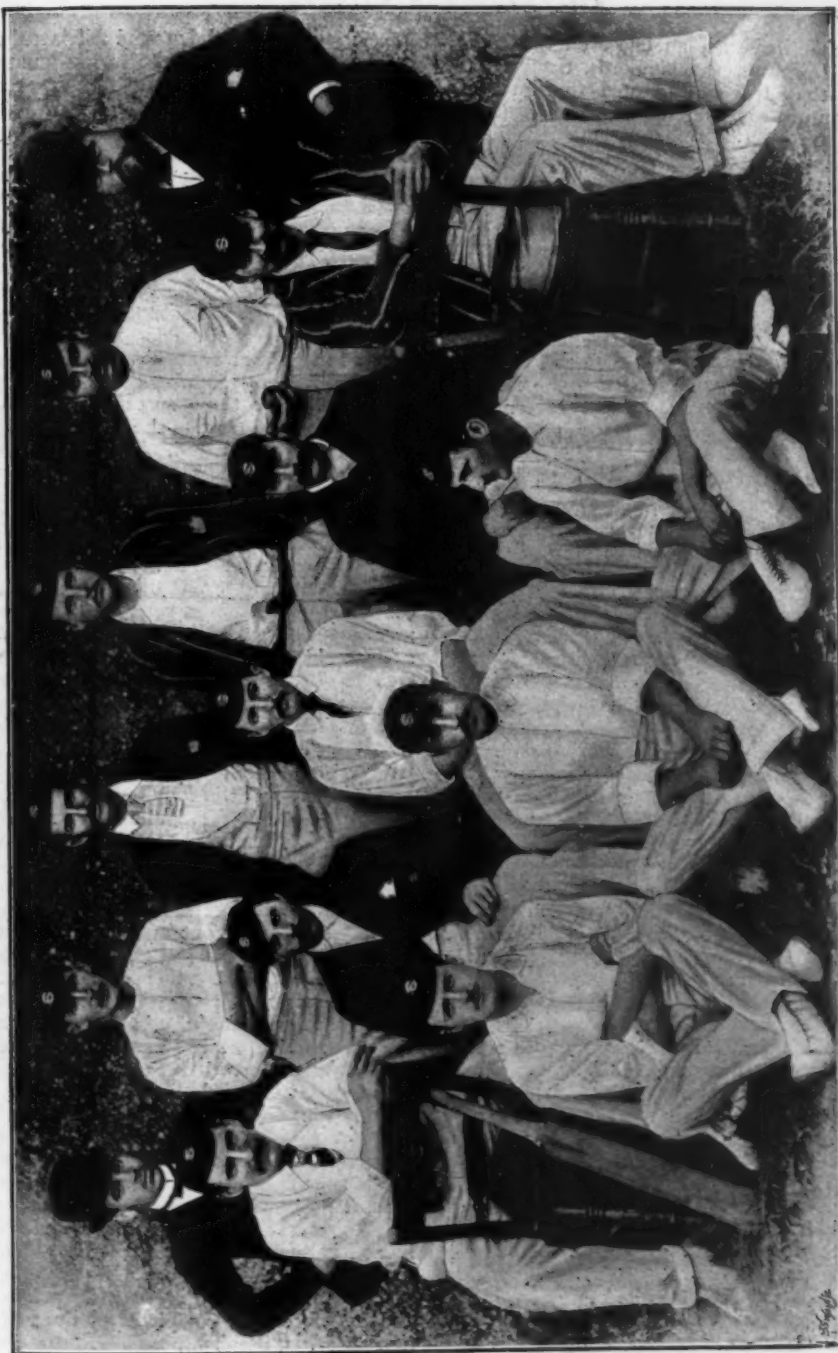
The fame of the Surrey Cricket Ground is now so world-wide, that it is difficult to realize that less than half a century ago the spot on which cricketers from all quarters of the globe, Australian, Canadian, American, and Indian, as well as those of our own growth,

have fretted their brief hour, was devoted to the cultivation of the succulent cabbage, or the toothsome cauliflower. To sink to the level of common-place, the Surrey Cricket Ground in 1844 was nothing more nor less than a market garden. As a County, Surrey's record can be traced to the pre-historic period of cricket. "You needna gang back till the Paradise," said a Scotch judge on one occasion to a certain barrister well-known for his habit of dragging the court into antiquarian researches, "suppose ye began somewhere about the time of Noah's flood; it might be satisfactory." It reminds one of Sydney Smith's description of the Deluge, "when a great alteration was made in the longevity of mankind." Following his advice, to gaze at Noah and be brief, I have only lightly touched on the fact that the history of Surrey cricket is, to all intents and purposes, a history of the game. It is, though, not with the County itself that I am now concerned. I sing of arms and the man, or rather of the ground and the men who have made Surrey what it is. The acquisition by the builder of the old "Bee Hive" Ground at Walworth, necessitated, in 1844, the removal of the Montpelier Club, which had long had its head-quarters at the "Bee Hive," to other regions. Fortunately they had not far to go, as the personal influence of one of their most active members, the late Mr. W. Baker, a fine all-round cricketer



R. ABEL

# SURREY.



Tuck ( <i>Umpire</i> ), W. W. Read.	Bowley, Abel, Henderson.	M. Read.	J. Shuter ( <i>Captain</i> ), Lockwood.	Lohmann.	Wood. Sharpe.	Beaumont.	K. J. Key.	Draper ( <i>Umpire</i> ).
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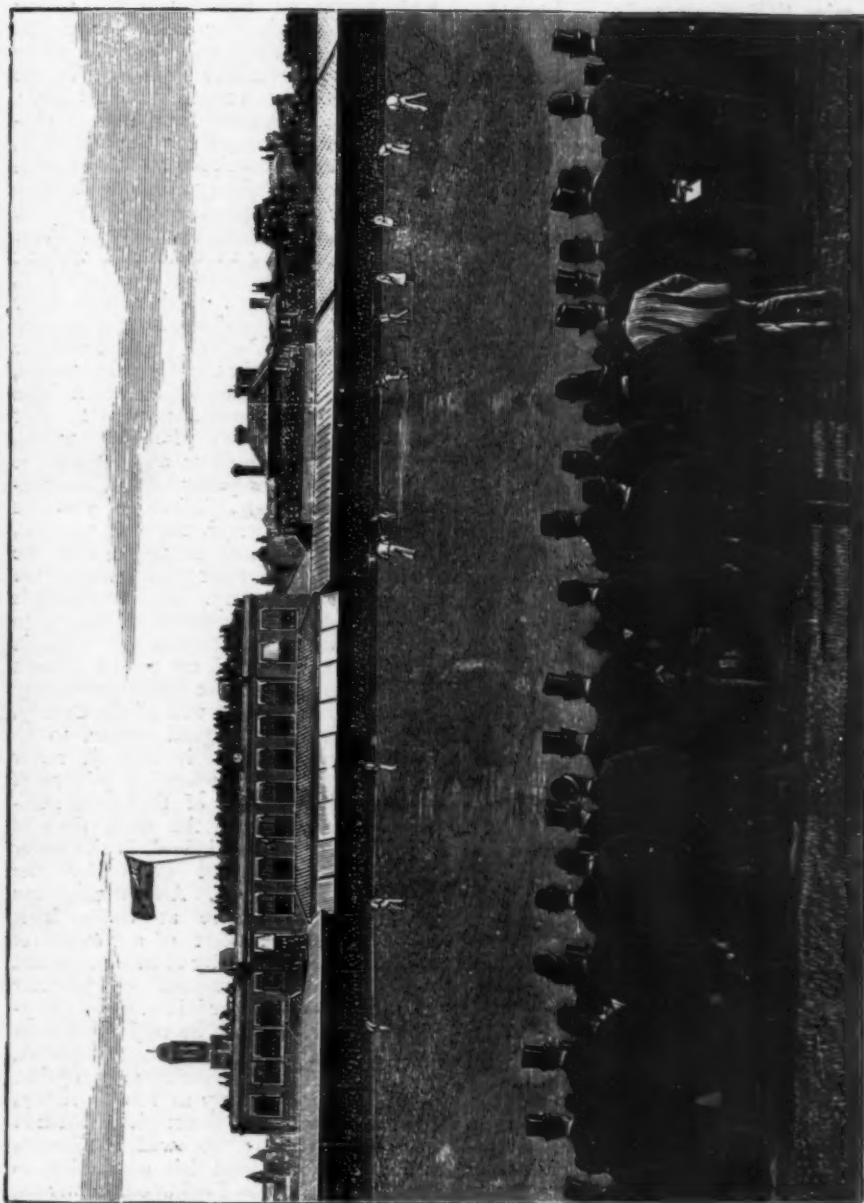
withal, had such an effect on the Duchy of Cornwall, the landlords, that a lease of the Oval was granted to him for a term of twenty-one years. The autumn of 1844, too, saw the foundation of the Surrey County Cricket Club, and it is worthy of remark that the Earl of Bessborough, then known prominently and actively in the cricket world as the Hon. Frederick Ponsonby, came over specially from Ireland to preside at the inaugural meeting of the Club, of which he has been Vice-President since its foundation up to date.

The first function of real cricket interest at the Oval was held in the spring of the following year. The diary of the late Mr. Briant, who occupied the "Horns," at Kennington, for over fifty years, contains an entry which cannot fail to be of interest to Surrey cricketers. At least, it is an evidence of the initial ceremony which secured for them the possession of a county ground with proper appliances. "March, 1845. The nursery ground, the Oval, Kennington, taken for a cricket ground by Mr. Houghton, the President of the Montpelier Club, from the "Bee Hive," Walworth; thirty-one years' lease, at £120; taxes about £20; turf laid by Mr. South, greengrocer." The early history of the Oval was not one of unmixed success. The management of Mr. Houghton, and, perhaps, a want of firmness on the part of the first Honorary Secretary, led to such a critical condition of things that the break-up of the Club was very nearly accomplished. As it was, it was mainly the personal influence of the Earl of Bessborough which prevented such a disaster, and Surrey cricketers have primarily to thank him for the preservation of the Oval as a recreation ground from at least its first danger.

Even then, there were difficulties which had to be overcome before the ground came under the direct control of the Surrey County Cricket Club. Mr. Houghton, of whom I have already spoken, was the man in possession, and that has always been held to represent nine points of the law. It was not easy to tell how, to quote Mr. Lionel Rignold in "The English Rose," he was to receive his *Congo*, but a resolute measure by Mr. John Burrup, a name which will always be held in respect and veneration as long as the memory of Surrey cricket remains, happily furnished a way out of the embarrassment. A decision not to play any more matches at the Oval brought the lessee to his senses, and, as a consequence of his

transfer, the lease of the ground fell into the hands of the Committee of the Surrey County Club, who have retained hold of it ever since. The first match played on the Oval, it may be of interest to state, was between the Mitcham and Montpelier clubs, in 1845. In those days the wickets were pitched across the ground, and, with a due regard to the eternal fitness of things, the opening game produced a remarkable finish, resulting in a tie. Though, as was only to be expected, the early history of the Club showed not a few vicissitudes, still, under Mr. John Burrup's able management, which lasted from 1848 to 1855, the star of Surrey was, unmistakably, in the ascendant. For three successive years—1849, 1850, and 1851—the eleven could claim an unbeaten record. Their successes, just about this time, were still more pronounced, for in 1852 the County met and, moreover, beat England single-handed. Daniel Day and old Tom Sherman were the chief bowlers, with William Martingell as first change, and even then the eleven contained in addition to veterans like those named, as well as Mr. Felix (*Felix qui potuit reare' em*, to use a pleasantry of his own), George Brockwell, a pensioner of the County Club for very many years, Mr. C. H. Hoare, its treasurer from 1844 to 1869, James Chester, Joseph Heath, a trio of professional players who were just beginning to lay the foundation of future greatness—W. Caffyn, Julius Cæsar, and Thomas Lockyer. After a long and successful tenure of office, the requirements of business compelled Mr. John Burrup to give up the office of Honorary Secretary, but it did not pass out of the family, and in the hands of his brother, Mr. William Burrup, the Oval commenced a new and lengthy career of prosperity. The contagion of the latter's enthusiasm soon spread itself, and the eighteen years he was at the head of affairs have been, and with reason, described as the palmy days of Surrey. The early part of Mr. William Burrup's management saw Surrey pre-eminent. Of nine matches played in 1857, all were won, and in the following year the County eleven had the proud satisfaction of beating England, and in the most decisive fashion, by no less than an innings and twenty-eight runs. Martingell, Sherman, Caffyn, Cæsar, and Lockyer, were then in their prime; and the eleven was completed by the addition of H. H. Stephenson, G. Griffith, and W. Mortlock, with three amateurs, each of

# THE OVAL.



GENTLEMEN AND PLAYERS, 2ND JULY, 1891.  
(W. G. GRACE, bowling.)

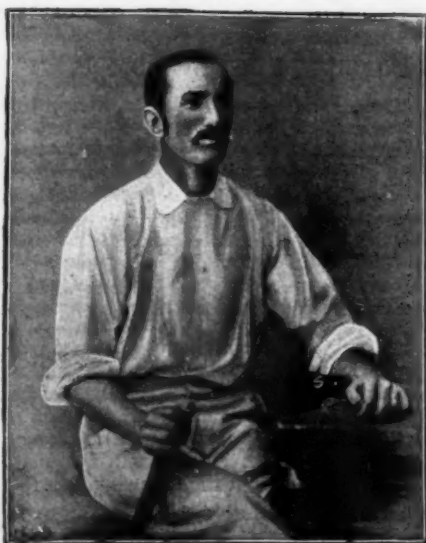
them much above the average, in the persons of Messrs. F. P. Miller, ablest of captains, F. Burbidge, and C. G. Lane.

The appearance of an unequalled triumvirate of players in H. Jupp, Tom Humphreys, and Pooley, in the middle of the sixties, enabled Surrey to maintain its position quite in the front rank. Their extraordinary performances for a few years caused the names of Jupp and Humphreys — the twins they were called — to be familiar as household words throughout the cricket world. An easy victory over England was credited to Surrey in 1864, but another decade saw a remarkable change, and one by no means for the better. Fifteen or sixteen years ago the County was indeed in the worst possible plight, and the outlook, generally, about as hopeless as it was possible to conceive. Meanwhile, in 1872, to be precise, Mr. William Burrup had given up the post he had held, with honour to himself and to the great advantage of the Club, since 1855.

After his retirement, it seemed as if the silver lining which is said to accompany every cloud was never going to break through the darkness which had for so long enshrouded cricket. Season followed season with the same monotonous round of inferior cricket, and inevitable record of disaster. But at length the hour came, and the man. The renaissance of Surrey cricket has been, in a very great measure, the work, it will be universally admitted, of Mr. John Shuter. It is no disparagement to a number of ardent and cheerful co-labourers to assert that the steady restoration of the County to the high position it occupied a quarter-of-a-century back, is, in the main, attributable to his personal influence, and the force of his example of unflagging enthusiasm. A little more encouragement from Kent might have secured his allegiance to that shire, and it was fortunate that the course of events determined his identification with the county of his birth. A connection with Surrey cricket when he joined the eleven did not convey the same distinction it does now. Nor was the captaincy of the team an office of unalloyed pleasure. Still, he has the unmixed satisfaction of knowing that, under his care, Surrey has regained its place quite in the fore-front of county cricket.

The times are changed, and we are changed with them it may be truthfully said of the Oval. It is neither my place nor my intention to say whether the

change is for the better. There are many *laudatores temporis acti* who look back with regret on the days when a few insecure apologies for benches occupied the place of the covered stand which now hides the view of the ground from the tavern. I have even myself met, and lately, keen cricketers who are not slow to proclaim their preference for the old days, when these same benches were the favoured resorts of good, cheery souls, who were wont to puff their pipes and indulge in the solatium of Hatfield, with or without aspirate, according to taste, and without any regard to appearances. Well, after all, it is a matter of taste. "Other times, other manners." If it be, as has been said, that the greatest happiness of the greatest number is the foundation of morals and legislation, the addition of conveniences which have enabled thirty thousand persons to visit the ground in one afternoon would, probably, be accepted as a proof of the correctness of the policy of the management of late years. Whatever opinions may be held, however, the fact remains, and there are figures to prove, that the Oval is one of the most popular recreation grounds in the country. And though it is the fashion, in some fastidious circles, to speak disparagingly of those who frequent the Oval as partial, I am partial enough myself thereto, to think that "the Surrey crowd" deserves right well of the County. In ill as well as in good repute, to its everlasting credit be it said, it never lost faith in the recuperative powers of Surrey cricket. One of the most satisfactory memories of the dark days of Surrey, to my mind, indeed, is the never failing encouragement given by the habitués of the Oval. And if they are a little demonstrative at times, is it not after all the effect of an excess of zeal which is well worthy of encouragement rather than of discouragement? For, after all, the hero-worshipper is in evidence everywhere. Nor would it be easy to find an eleven, though I say it as, perhaps, shouldn't, who bear their honours with less assumption. Abel, known familiarly as The Governor, cheeriest of cricketers (I am giving them in alphabetical order); Brockwell, Henderson, called Framgee, from his connection as coach to the Parsees, Lockwood, Lohmann, keenest as well as, perhaps, very best of all-round cricketers, and Read, "our Maurice," both of them popular wherever they go, Sharpe, and Wood, one and all thoroughly



MAURICE READ.

worthy of respect off as well as on the cricket field. It is equally unnecessary to make reference to the services of the amateurs who have so loyally assisted Mr. John Shuter, of whom there still remain Messrs. W.W. Read, and K. J. Key, who have devoted the best part of their cricket life to the interest of Surrey cricket. I am reminded, too, that any mention of the Oval would be incomplete without a representation of one of its central figures. The Surrey poet has a following of his own, and though I am bound, in the interest of truth, to say that the office of Poet Laureate to the county is one of his own conferment, still, after all, he may be instanced as one of the developments of modern cricket.

For most of the illustrations to this article, I should mention that the Editor is indebted to Messrs. E. Hawkins & Co., of 108, King's Road, Brighton, who have special photographs of all well-known cricketers, and the largest collection of cricket photographs in the United Kingdom. They have very kindly placed their collection at the Editor's disposal ; and all

I regret is, that want of space prevented the insertion of more photographs.

The picture of the Oval was specially photographed for this Magazine during the match between the Gentlemen and Players ; and Dr. W. G. Grace is taken in the act of bowling, whilst Peel and Briggs are at the wickets.

But time presses, and if I am to conclude this subject in time, it will be necessary to put into force one of the latest enactments of the cricket legislator. Rule 44 now allows the captain of a side to terminate his innings on the last day of a match, or at any time if it is limited to one day. And as it happens that the incident which led to the legislation providing for this particular object was furnished by the Surrey Captain in the match with Notts, at Nottingham, a few years since, the application of the closure will not come inappropriately from me. And now, to use the words of one of the best and most exact of our English umpires : "The balls are *over*—I had almost written Oval—gentlemen."



G. LOHMANN.



## The Thames Below Battersea Bridge.

BY THE EDITOR.



**A**T Battersea the Thames first acquires the character of a great highway of commerce. The penny steamboat, the omnibus of the river, plies to and fro ; heavily laden barges are coming and going, as wind and tide permit ; and the waters of the silver stream have become turbid with mud, and foul with the garbage of a great city. The Thames, before it reaches the metropolis, is aptly described by Charles Kingsley's words :—

“ Clear and cool, clear and cool,  
By laughing shallow and dreaming pool ;  
Cool and clear, cool and clear,  
By shining shingle and foaming wear ;  
Under the crag where the ouzel sings,  
And the ivied wall where the church bell rings ;  
Undefiled, for the undefiled  
Play by me, bathe in me, mother and child.”

With this verse all lovers of nature will agree ; but though many writers of eminence have stated that the river ceases to be picturesque when it has passed St. Paul's, and it has been called “an infected sea, rolling its black waters in sinuous detours,” we cannot agree with the following lines :—

“ Dank and foul, dank and foul,  
By the smoky town in its murky cowl ;  
Foul and dank, foul and dank,  
By wharf and sewer and slimy bank ;  
Darker and darker the further I go,  
Baser and baser the richer I grow ;  
Who dare sport with the sin-defiled ?  
Shrink from me, turn from me, mother and child.”

The Thames certainly does not cease to be interesting when it reaches London, and hastens on toward the sea ; for, though it lays aside the idyllic beauty of its higher reaches, it now assumes instead vaster proportions and the majestic grandeur that rightly belongs to the river which flows through the greatest city in Europe, and bears upon its mighty waters a vast portion of the commerce of the world.

Screw-steamers, perhaps, do not compare favourably, from an artistic point of view,



FROM THE “TRAFALGAR,” GREENWICH.

with the old East Indiamen; but schooners, and brigs, and brigantines galore are still to be seen upon the river; and lighters, wherries, and barges flourish, just as in days of yore.

London Bridge itself is a point of vantage from which at least a dozen pleasing pictures may be viewed, if only the passer-by has time to look at the objects around him, and has an eye to appreciate, as well as to behold. At times the grey tower of St. Magnus', lit up by the sun's rays, stands out brightly behind the dark mass of buildings over Freshwater Wharf; the Monument lifts its lofty head a little way beyond; Billingsgate, with its roaring

for their great size and beauty.

The Observatory stands at the top of a steep ascent; and from here there is one of the broadest and most impressive prospects to be encountered anywhere near London. Below may be seen the Naval School, and the two great wings of the hospital; in front there are the Albert and Victoria Docks, and further off the valley of the Lea; and to the left you must at least glance at the broad river, the Isle of Dogs, and the distant lights of London. Turner painted the view of London, as seen from here; and he altered the position of St. Paul's in order to make a better picture.

Woolwich Reach, a little further down the river, is one of the most beautiful stretches of the Thames. The level shores, with factory chimneys here and there, form a not unfitting background for the heavily



*Greenwich Observatory*

traffic, that begins at five in the morning, is not far off; and, in the distance, rise the sombre walls of the Tower.

From the Tower to Woolwich there is an almost unbroken line of docks. St. Katharine's and the London Docks come first; the East and West India Docks, with a truly enormous acreage, follow; and here may always be found some of the finest shipping that roams the seas.

A little further, opposite the Isle of Dogs, are the towns of Deptford and Greenwich. At Deptford, Drake was knighted on board his ship by Queen Elizabeth; and here Peter the Great came to learn ship-building.

The trees of Greenwich Park were planted by Charles II, and they are now remarkable

laden barges and ships, which are hastening to or from the great mart of the world.

The sketch, "Below Woolwich," was made from the bank just opposite the spot where the *Princess Alice* sank with so many excursionists on board.

Crossness, where Barking Reach ends and Half-way Reach begins, is far more pleasant to the eye than to the nose; for here, indeed, the river is foul, and Charles Kingsley's words of warning, "Shrink from me, turn from me, mother and child," might well be uttered by Father Thames here, where he is, indeed, "dank and foul."

Purfleet, the pretty and interesting little town we are now approaching, boasts that on its chalky cliffs the standard of England

was unfurled, when all the might and valour of Spain was assembled in the Invincible Armada. Here there are numerous powder magazines, and such a store of explosives, that if they were all fired off at once, it is said, they would shake London to its foundations, and make short work of more than half of our suburban homes.

Erith faces the river just above Purfleet, and, in the summer months, it is surrounded by a fleet of small yachts. The little town is pretty, and the stream of sewage, which runs into the river higher up at Barking, is no longer a powerful opponent of pleasure which will make its presence known. Father Neptune here fairly overcomes his dark adversary when the tide is high; but

of mystery and crime. Some of the great novelist's admirers, whose name is legion, have only seen the river, below bridge, as he has painted it for them, in his vivid word pictures; the Upper Thames, they know, is given over to pleasure, and rejoices under the kindly sway of beauty whenever the sun will deign to smile; but they connect the lower reaches with dead bodies, and the marshy banks with hunted convicts and horrors unspeakable, because too vague to be described by words.

Those who think any ill of the Thames, from the source to the sea, are indebted to their imaginations for their facts; or else they cannot appreciate the beauties of Nature. This same Dame Nature has all the love of change which is a characteristic of her sex. To-day she smiles, to-morrow she may frown, and the next day she may weep; but, though she alters, she is ever

lovely. How she changes the vestments, too, with which she robes her beauty! Above Oxford in the Spring, you will find her clad in verdant green; in the Uni-

versity City, she dons a ruddy garb to please the masters of arts, and the master builder; at Henley, if you still travel down with the stream, you may find her in a robe, with as many colours as Joseph's coat; in London

she is becomingly arrayed in sober gray; but once past Gravesend, she wears a garment of grayish green, the tint of which she changes with her humours.

The true lover of Nature will woo her, howsoever she may be clad, and he will admire all her caprices. "Love is blind," it has been said, but this is as false as many another popular saying. Love is endowed with the keenest sight, and finds beauty which, without his aid, would for aye remain undiscovered.

After passing Gravesend, we find the river in its most stern and fierce aspect. The river god is here at war with Neptune. How the gulls shriek when the battle is being fiercely contested! As they fly in haste from the tumultuous water and before the coming gale, their cry is so



BELOW WOOLWICH.

when the tide is low, the refuse of the vast city beslims the muddy flats, then left bare, save for the weeds which grow luxuriantly.

But the tide is running out, and we are hastening on past Greenhithe, Northfleet, and before us now lies Gravesend, where David Copperfield said adieu to Mr. Peggotty and Mrs. Gummidge, where we lost sight of Mr. Micawber, for whom something was to turn up in far off Australia, where so many tears have been shed, and where so many hearts have felt the worst pangs of anguish as, upon the bosom of the water, some good ship has borne away all hope of happiness.

Charles Dickens always loved this part of the river; though his works have made people think of it as a place of slime and darkness, overshadowed by an atmosphere

human that one can scarcely help thinking of some of the old folk-tales, and wondering whether amongst them there is not some one whose human shape has been changed. When wounded by the shot of some cruel sportsman, how very human is their moan of agony!

It is a wild scene at times, this upon which we are now entering; but to some Benfleet seems as the entrance to an earthly Paradise. There are those who love this part of the Thames for its wild grandeur, those who enjoy the sport it affords, and those who come to slaughter the birds which add so much to the beauty of the spot. Poets, sportsmen, and slaughterers, are all to be found here on an autumn day. Unfortunately, the slaughterers are in a majority, and a large duck-gun is the implement which each wields. A flock of birds is got up by the slaughterer in his punt, then the echo bears afar the boom of the huge engine of destruction, and upon the water and hovering over it in agony, are to be seen the dead and the wounded.

With an ordinary gun a brace of birds can easily be obtained over the flats of Canvey Island; and such shooting may more fairly be considered sport. The birds are killed by the sportsman at once, and not left struggling—it may be for nearly an hour—upon the water; but the wholesale slaughterer is only a butcher of birds.

Almost all sorts of birds which visit the British Isles may be found at Canvey Island; and the true bird-lover will leave the plovers, gulls, ducks, pipers, and curlews, as well as rarer winged creatures, to enjoy life, which we find so pleasant whilst cruising

about in this wild spot.

Canvey Island has a little inn—near the Coastguard Station—which is one of the quaintest in all Essex; and many of its regular patrons look like the smugglers of whom we read in the old tales. The Dutch eel boats anchor close by at Hole Haven, after leaving their slimy cargo at Shadwell; and the fishermen come ashore for a last glass of rum, before facing the North Sea gales once more. But these are



NEAR CROSSNESS.

only chance guests, whom you may or may not find; and there is one character, worthy of Dickens, whom you must not fail to see. He often takes his ease at his inn; and he only works when the fates and the tides are propitious. He can tell many a tale, each with the same sorrowful ending; his heroes and heroines are all drowned in the river, and their bodies are all given up by the Thames at Hole Haven; and he will tell you, not without a proper proportion of personal pride, that each body is worth three half crowns at least, and that he is popularly known as Bill the Thames Body-Snatcher.

Sailing along, the sea wind sweeps past us, as we run towards the Essex shore, steering towards the tower which forms a good centre to the pretty landscape. That is Hadleigh Castle, and over its walls, where the birds now flutter in varying

flocks, six centuries have passed. Henry the Eighth came here, and Elizabeth stayed within its stout walls; and if the rugged stones could only speak, what tales they could tell of ladies gay and gallant knights of the good old days gone by.

What tales of love the stones do tell to those gifted with just sufficient imagination to understand something of their language. But it is a dead tongue, and we are only half acquainted with it; and like the swift-tongued Frenchman, the stones speak too fast. There is a word, ambition, that is repeated again and again; and we, who idle away our time here, know not its meaning. It is something horrible, we are sure; and we have come only to seek for, and only care for, the beautiful. And here we revel in the beauty of the past, whilst around us there is the beauty of to-day.



*Hadleigh Castle*



HERE is only one place where the Bank-holiday-maker can be certain of enjoying a happy day, and that is at Sydenham. At Brighton or Margate the clerk of the weather may spoil the excursionist's fun, and drive him back to town, wet and tired, after forcing him to spend most of his time and money under the only cover generally available—that of the publican. But at the Crystal Palace, wet or fine, there is plenty of enjoyment to be had; and no one is forced to keep his spirits up by pouring spirits down.

At ten o'clock in the morning, when the gates are opened, a little crowd has already assembled outside, consisting partly of those who have come to spend a long day at the Palace, and of season ticket holders who propose to devote the morning to lawn tennis, cricket, roller-skating, or archery.

The early excursionist can have a good look at the courts, beginning with the Egyptian, and passing on through the Greek, the Roman, the Alhambra, the Byzantine, the English Mediæval, the Renaissance, and the Italian Courts.

The Pompeian House, an excellent reproduction of the picturesque retreat of the Roman patrician of eighteen centuries ago, may then be entered; for though the visitor is warned by the words "*cave canem*," to beware of the dog, this is not likely to do him much harm, as it is but a mosaic representation. In the centre of the building is a shallow basin which served to catch the rain from the sloping roofs; and

at the sides there are the small sleeping recesses, and the compartments which were probably used as offices for business. Passing on into the more private part of the dwelling, the visitor finds the peristyle, so called from the many pillars surrounding the open flower garden; and around the peristyle are the principal bed-chamber, the dining-room, kitchen, dressing-room, and bath-room. The internal decorations of the villa are copied from original paintings found amongst the ruins of Herculaneum and Pompeii; and some interesting relics and photographs of the ruins of the ill-fated cities, which were buried eighteen



DARBY AND JOAN.

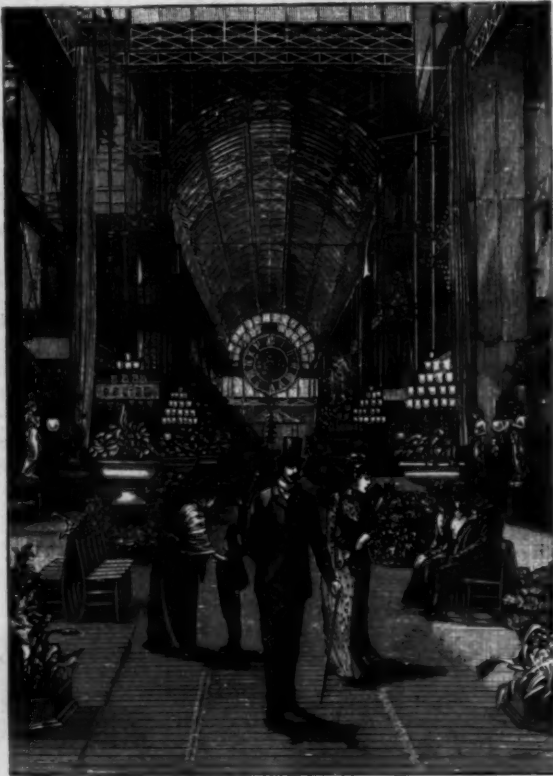
centuries ago by the burning lava of Mount Vesuvius, may be seen in the show-cases.

At about twenty minutes to twelve, visitors are entering the Palace in considerable numbers; and a little later there is a large audience to listen to a masterly performance on the organ by Mr. Alfred J. Eyre. Many of those who have lately arrived have come long distances, and evidently they enjoy good music. The organ recital is soon over, and some move away from the centre transept with evident regret; but in the afternoon there will be an even greater treat for lovers of music, when the excellent Crystal Palace Orchestra will execute several popular pieces, under the supervision of one of the greatest musicians in England, Mr. August Manns.

Darby and Joan, an elderly couple, who have come from a distance evidently, are strolling about leisurely, and enjoying everything. The palm trees, the fountains, the curios, the statues, the parrots, and the contents of the aquarium, all afford this amiable couple evident delight; and my artist friend and I, who know the Palace well, follow them, without attracting attention. They walk around the building on the ground floor, and glance at all the exhibits; and as the groups of natives of Darkest Africa attract their attention for some time, the artist begins his sketch. But they are soon moving again, and this time towards the picture gallery, where there is a good collection of ancient and

modern pictures. There are the battle scenes, illustrating deeds of valour, by which the principal character in each scene has won the Victoria Cross; and Darby is specially pleased as he points out to Joan those which they have seen reproduced in one of the illustrated magazines. In the modern gallery there is a picture of a stern pedagogue of the "good old days," who believed that to spare the rod was to spoil the child; and Joan is told how good is the expression of the faces of the sufferers

and of those about to suffer punishment. This halt has enabled my companion to conclude his sketch; and we hasten away up the north nave, and pass out by the door close to the parrots and the aquarium, in order to see the performing animals. The performance is certainly wonderful, and the large audience evidently enjoys it. At the beginning, the king of beasts fraternizes with the Bengal tiger; and it is very amusing to see them playing at leap-frog. Then a young bear, who is a little bit of a fop in his way, condescends to walk



THE CENTRE TRANSEPT.

on a barrel which a large boar-hound pushes from behind; and Bruin, having bowed to the applauding audience in the most approved acrobatic fashion, promenades with his trainer, whose arm he takes as coquettishly as if he were a pretty demoiselle, and the caged arena a fashionable promenade. But we must not lose the by-play. The polar bear, who alone of all his comrades seems a little savage, tugs at the iron chain by which he is bound; the



BRUIN AS A LOG ROLLER.

cheeky little Cheetah is most impudent to the Bengal tiger, next to whom he is seated, and the little fellow has even the impertinence to strike his companion upon the side of the face; but the well-trained Bengalee, though hurt, does not retaliate, but, instead, appeals to the public for sympathy, which is most heartily accorded.

The tiger's turn, however, has come to perform; and he seems to like playing at see-saw with the lion, which is the next item

on the programme. The tiger is also an accomplished cyclist; and, with the assistance of a boar-hound, he goes round the track.

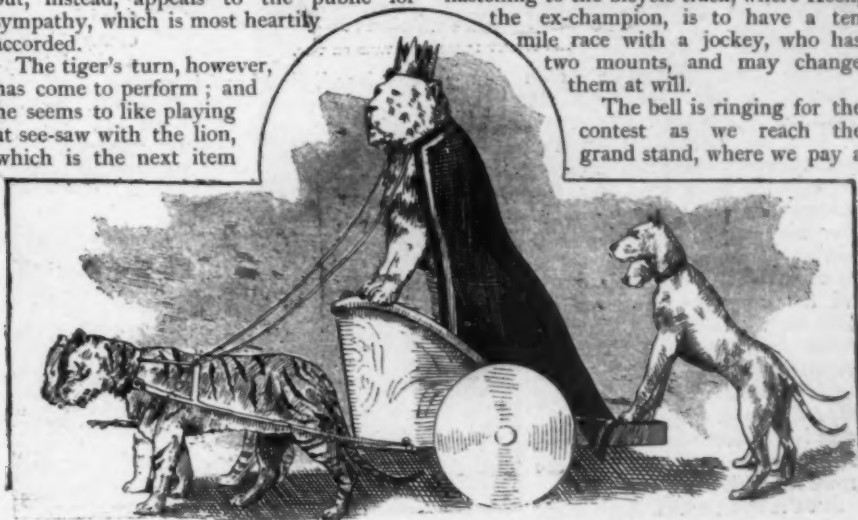
Then the bear walks the tight rope, and balances himself with a pole, after the manner of Blondin; and, having performed this feat, he bows to the ladies, with his paw close to his heart, in a way that is most excruciatingly funny.

The lioness, jealous of the applause which has fallen to Bruin's lot, stands on a globe, rolls it up-hill, and then rides down on it. She and the tiger then hold up the hurdles for the boar-hounds to jump; and then there is the great procession. The king of beasts, crowned and wearing the imperial purple, rides in a chariot drawn by tigers, and his suite follow in his train.

All the animals then form a group; the savage polar bear mounts upon his iceberg, and all the other animals stand upon various eminences around him; and this is the final tableau.

There is no time to pause, however; the balloon is going up in a few minutes, and we must be there to see it, or we shall miss one of the sights of the day. Ah! there she goes up into the air; and the people shout and wave their kerchiefs, to which the courteous aeronaut replies by raising his hat, which he finds it difficult to keep upon his head, as a good breeze is blowing. Further and further, higher and higher she goes, over the Palace grounds, past Penge, and then she is lost to the crowd, which is hastening to the bicycle track, where Keen, the ex-champion, is to have a ten mile race with a jockey, who has two mounts, and may change them at will.

The bell is ringing for the contest as we reach the grand stand, where we pay a



THE KING OF BEASTS RIDES IN A CHARIOT DRAWN BY TIGERS.



THE RACECOURSE.

trifle to secure good seats; but outside there is plenty of standing room, and some forty thousand people are looking on at the contest.

The pistol is fired, and everyone seems to say at the same moment, "They are off!" as Keen starts and obtains a slight advantage. For some time, however, it is almost a neck and neck race, but the jockey has to clear a certain number of hurdles, and he loses ground at each jump. Changing mounts, too, takes time; and when Keen has run half the distance, he is a lap ahead. Then the cyclist begins to take matters easy, too easy he finds soon, for the jockey on his fresh mount is coming after him at a good gallop, and gaining ground at each stride of his noble steed. Six miles are run, and the excitement becomes intense, as, with a spurt, the jockey comes up neck to neck with the cyclist. You could almost hear a pin fall, and then as Keen, making a spurt, gains a trifling advantage, there is a perfect roar of applause. Evidently the sympathies of the crowd are with the cyclist.

But the spurt which Keen made

cannot last, and as the grand stand is reached again, the horse takes a lead. The crowd seems to utter one deep sigh; but all is not over yet. The pace does not last, and the jockey decides to change his mount after the next round. He shouts to the boy in charge of his other steed, and then gallops round once more; but the cyclist is gaining, and whilst the jockey changes mounts, Keen passes him again.

Eight miles have been run; and the struggle between man and beast is still an even one.

Now the horse is ahead, but now again the jump brings them neck to neck. Nine



THE CYCLIST LEADS BY A YARD OR TWO.

miles, and can the cyclist put on another spurt is the question which people are asking one another. He can and does; and the horse cannot respond to his jockey's call upon him. There is still another chance for him, however, and he decides to change horses again. The cy-

clist is well ahead and is putting on the last spurt, but the race-horse is gaining ground again at every stride. All the obstacles



THE LARGE LAKE.

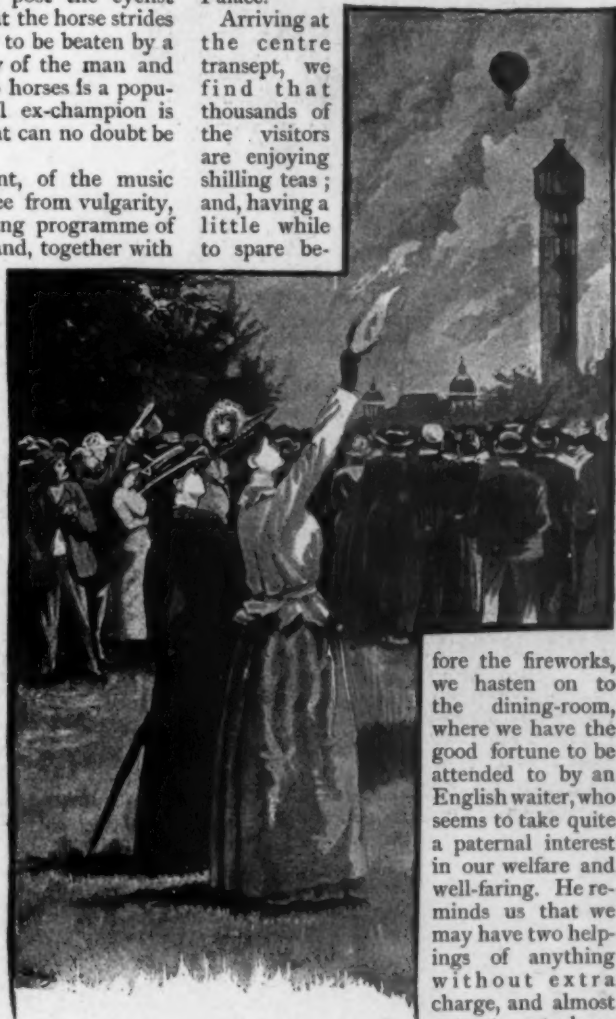
agreed upon have been taken, too, and there is still one lap more. "Keen wins!" is the cry. "Go it, Jack!" shouts a friend. But there is evident doubt in the mind of those who speak. One or two—either from the love of fair play, which seems to belong to every assembly of Britons, or from a desire to be on the winning side, which is certainly an insular weakness of ours—cheer the jockey, who is coming up dangerously near the cyclist. There is a murmur, a roar, horse and bicycle are nearly home, and it is difficult to say which leads. A few yards from the winning post the cyclist leads by a yard or two, but the horse strides on towards the goal, only to be beaten by a short head. The victory of the man and the machine over the two horses is a popular one; and the genial ex-champion is welcomed with cheers that can no doubt be heard miles away.

A variety entertainment, of the music hall kind, but entirely free from vulgarity, is the next item in the long programme of the day's amusements; and, together with some twenty thousand others, we enjoy a part of this. But we want to see the people amusing themselves in the open air, and we go out into the grounds, where the toboggan slide and the switchback are finding numerous patrons, and pass down to the large lake. The detective camera, which was useful on the race-course, is again called into play, and we have a fair view of the penny steamer, which is laden with passengers.

We glance at the wonderful antediluvian animals, and feel glad that these dragons and other monsters are not creatures of the nineteenth century. We stroll to the minor lake; see the fountains playing, which are even superior to those of Versailles; and look on at youthful cyclists, on machines which seem almost as ancient as the dragons.

Walking up towards the Palace we see a large number of persons who are having ferrotype photographs (ready in five minutes) taken of themselves, at a popular price, by the assistants to Messrs. Negretti and Zambra, the well-known Crystal Palace photographers, who pay a large sum annually for the sole right of photographing in the Palace and grounds, and who have kindly allowed us to reproduce a photograph of theirs as a heading to this article, and another photograph as a background to a sketch of the people in the interior of the Palace.

Arriving at the centre transept, we find that thousands of the visitors are enjoying shilling teas; and, having a little while to spare be-



THE BALLOON ASCENT.

fore the fireworks, we hasten on to the dining-room, where we have the good fortune to be attended to by an English waiter, who seems to take quite a paternal interest in our welfare and well-faring. He reminds us that we may have two helpings of anything without extra charge, and almost entreats us to have



"HERE COMES THE BOGEY MAN."

plenty for our money ; and he assures us the quality of everything is good, which we soon find out for ourselves. At parting we exchange tips. His is that, if we want coffee, we can have a good view of the fireworks from the smoking-room, without

any extra charge.

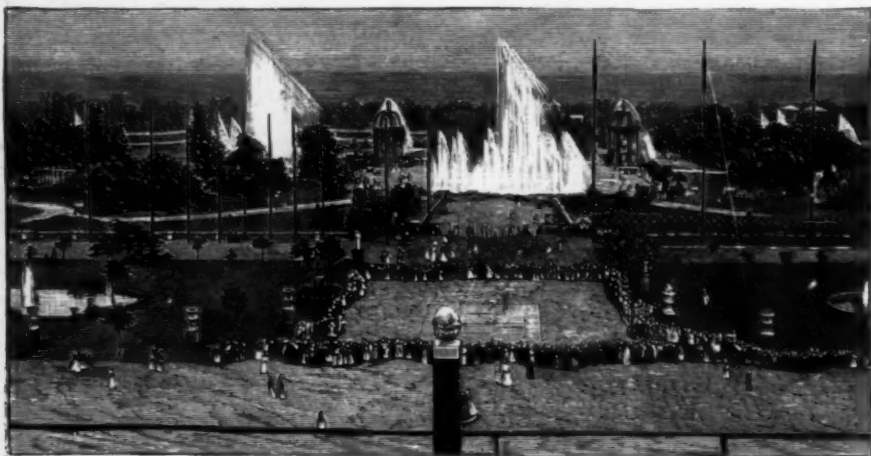
Fireworks can only be seen at their best at the Palace ; and on a Bank-holiday Brock's display is magnificent.

Then there is the open air ballet, an idyllic entertainment which is simply charming.

After this, sweet music is discoursed by the Palace military band, of which Mr. Charles Godfrey, junior, is bandmaster ; and the crowd has performances of its own upon all sorts of instruments.

"The bogey man" is certainly popular with the masses ; and we met one little party, looking tired and rather sad, who sang to a tune of their own, "Here comes the bogey man !"

With the exception of this little party, everyone seemed to be having plenty of enjoyment ; all classes were well represented, and well behaved ; and, though my companion and I had come for work and not for pleasure, we agreed, when parting at the railway station, that we had spent a happy day.



THE CRYSTAL PALACE GROUNDS AND FOUNTAINS



## EASTERN ENGLAND.

By E. GOWING SCOPES.

**F**LAT? Of course it is flat! Is a thing despicable because it is flat? Let the world of flats make reply.

No, there is nothing particularly the matter, except that North-folk and South-folk and Middle-folk persist in meeting any reference to East Anglia with a disgusted tilt of the nose, and the all-crushing expression, "Flat!"

Now, let us for a while stroll over this alleged billiard table. It must, at least, be easy walking. But, on second thoughts, we will board a through train at Liverpool Street, and get our first glimpse of this land of absurd

levelness from a comfortable Great Eastern Railway carriage.

"Why, what on earth are they up to here? I say, guard, what are they doing across the line, there!"

"Enlarging the station, sir. When the job's finished, the place will be as big again."

"But it will cost an immense amount. That's valuable property they are pulling down?"

"About a million pounds they say, sir."

"Indeed. That looks as if the Great Eastern was beginning to feel its feet."

We had better get in now. These main line trains are more than punctual. Officials obliging? Certainly they are. All Eastern Counties people are obliging. I am an Eastern Counties man myself.

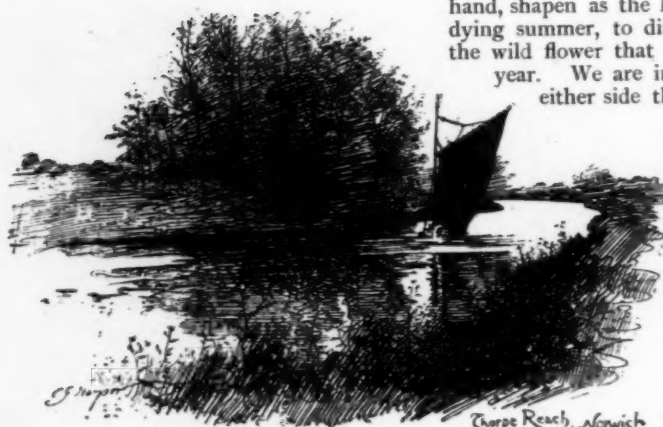
Ah! we are fortunate, it is an express, and will not stop until it has ploughed its way through about seventy miles. No,

it is not a good beginning; there seems to be a more miserable collection of tenement houses, with their filthy back yards, just outside Liverpool Street Station, than can be seen from any other line. But it is an easy way of getting a glimpse at "Darkest London."

Now, ye who love the North, and ye who love the South, as well as the many



Carls Castle.



Thorse Reach, Norwich

who swear hard by the West, I ask you to look from the carriage to the right and to the left, across those acres of field and meadow, and then to tell me without fear, favour or hope of reward, is there to be found anywhere else in the whole land, such infinite variety of vegetation, such brilliance of blossom, such wealth of foliage? "No, you don't think so," and it is as well you do not, or I would have summarized your ignorance in the briefest language; for I repeat, this is my native land.

But do look across the country there! I know the Welsh mountains are grand, and the northern lakes gems, while the south shore is the home of fairydom, but here you may see, at a glance, miles of soft, warm landscape, fading with extraordinary gradation into the blue-grey distance. The hedge-row with its prolific undergrowth and unkempt bush, is little in itself, but it forms the very necessary boundary between

a number of variously shaped pieces of God's earth which one man claims as his, and another as his. More important still, these hedges go to make those lines in a landscape which have fascinated the eye of many masters, from Gainsborough downwards. Nor are even the railway banks forgotten when nature puts forth her sower's

hand, shapen as the last warm winds of a dying summer, to distribute the seeds of the wild flower that shall live in another year. We are in a cutting, and on

either side the chaste marguerite stares upon our intrusion with ten thousand pale eyes. Now the white blossom gives way to a crowd of long-necked buttercups, whose burnished golden bowls turn wantonly for a kiss from the sun.

Why, we are darting through Colchester, hoary old Colchester, where

Roman and Iceni fought till every Roman perished, and around whose still existing walls Fairfax held siege for eleven long weeks.

Yes, that's a Suffolk Broad, but you had better stay in Norfolk to thoroughly enjoy Broad life. To fish, shoot, and sail on their pleasant waters has always been one of the rights accorded the tourist in these parts. But, as usual, someone thinks there ought to be a brick wall put round these happy hunting grounds and nicely painted boards put up at each corner announcing that trespassers will be prosecuted. Wig and gown are shortly to have a happy time discussing the question in the Law Courts,

and the result will in all probability be that a ninety-ninth portion of these waters will, in future, be sacred to a few gentle landlords, and the remainder free and open to the great British Public. Public Rights are not plants that grow with dis-

turbing rapidity in our Courts of Justice.

Here's Ipswich, *alias* Gypeswick, sacred to the memory of Cardinal Wolsey, Margaret Catchpole, and Mr. Pickwick. The Cardinal, you know, started building a huge college here, as a nursery for Oxford and Cambridge, while Mr. Pickwick lost his bedroom at the Great White Horse Hotel.



Margaret lived in days when horse stealers were hung, and she also had the misfortune to be consumed with a passion for a young smuggler. When meeting him in some quiet, unknown spot on the picturesque banks of the Orwell, she would pray of him to change his unlawful career. To bring about one of these meetings, she once dressed herself as a boy, and, stealing a horse from her employer's stable, rode with wonderful skill to the trysting place. But justice followed fast, and placed wild Margy in the dock. Influential intercession saved the prisoner, but it was only when her

handsome girl driving a dog-cart at break-neck pace to meet the train. Well, now you have the thought complete, there is nothing wanting, it is the traveller's dream of "England, Home, and Beauty." Oh, yes, it is flat, and so are you.

Is it Cromer? Well, now we must get out and walk.—A very good lunch that for two shillings. Cromer is improving.—But what a quaint old bunch of houses it is; I almost think the town looks better in a photograph. Ah, let's make for the cliffs.

Dare you walk to the edge, and stay there? Now look down for awhile, and tell me if you feel a peculiar inclination to throw yourself over?—Do you? Well that shows that there has been insanity in your family.—But are they not glorious cliffs?

And what a breeze. Look at the background, too, how hilly and wooded! Sweet spot, Cromer!

Eh, you don't think its quite so flat here?—thank you.

The efforts to popularize Poppyland are succeeding. I remember when that long strip of broad, sandy shore that runs for miles below Cromer was practically unknown to even the tourist. I have walked along it for hours without meeting a soul, and there was no sound

save the scream of the sea-gull, and the lapping of the waves. The little fishing villages of Trimmingham, Mundesley, Paston, Bacton, and Walcott were only known to the outside world as 'habited spots that were being gradually swallowed up by the sea.

Acres, aye, miles of land, have gradually disappeared from this corner of the coast, and it is the commonest experience, after a wild night, to find huge portions of the cliffs fallen. The natives will tell you that there is an old church under the sea off this coast. A friend of mine upon



lover lay fatally shot at the water's edge, while attempting to escape with her to his craft, that this strange little woman at last bowed her head to fate. Pardon my telling the little story, but it is one known to every Ipswich man and woman; and it has the charm of being true.

Still we are rolling through meadow-land; see, they are cutting the hay! Is not this our dear old country as told in song and story? There's the wayside inn and there the cow browsing by the running stream. Beyond, mid the trees, stands the lordly mansion; but you are looking at that

hearing this, immediately remembered that while bathing here he had put his foot through a stained-glass window. But, joking aside, there is a peculiarity about the churches in this neighbourhood. They

church in England. It covers over twenty-three thousand feet of ground, and contains a curious old seat, made from the jaw-bone of a whale. They call it the Devil's chair.

So you know Yarmouth, do you? Well,



are, all of them, or were when originally built, of huge dimensions, and in one village there actually exists two churches in one churchyard. One can but guess from this that at one time the neighbourhood was thickly populated, whereas, to-day there are but a few thin and almost forgotten villages. It would seem that the sea here has not only swallowed up the land, the

so do a great many other people, its bloaters have advertised it all over the world. I suppose a good bloater will always be a Yarmouth bloater wherever it is caught, and that reminds me that the fishing of this well-known resort is fast drifting down to Lowestoft. When I looked in there the other day, tons of white herring were lying in huge mounds upon the quay, while the

harbour was a forest of masts, springing from the busy decks of the smacks. The census shows that Lowestoft has grown immensely, and it will have to be printed in capital letters on the next new map.

Unobtrusive old Southwold, which has had its headland eaten off by the hungry ocean, has little to tell, except of a big sea fight between English and Dutch, two hundred



churches and churchyards, with the bones that were buried there, but has also driven from the scene a big population. Touching upon large churches brings me to St. Nicholas', of Yarmouth, the largest parish

and fifty years ago. Aldeburgh will pardon us for hastening by, although it has an interesting story. A whole street was once engulfed by the sea, and the houses followed a dozen at a time.

When St. Felix landed on the east coast for the avowed purpose of converting the natives, I do not suppose it dawned upon him that the scene of his arrival would one day become a fashionable watering place. But Felixstowe is that now, and the fact that the family of the German Emperor is at present occupying a mansion there settles the question. This spot has been justly titled the Children's Paradise, and it will shortly become renowned as a Spa. You may



*The Market Place,  
Felixstowe.*

but anyone with a weakness for geology who may be enticed into this eastern corner of the county will find a grand field. It was on the face of Norfolk and Suffolk that the glaciers wiped their feet, and left an indelible imprint in mud and clay. Hereabouts, too, breaking out in the lanes and faces of the cliffs, may be seen the red and white crag. One may sit for a quiet hour wondering how long since the tops of the cliffs were many feet below the bed of the ocean, as they must once have been. These thoughts will lead to better thoughts, and then you care to be troubled with my thoughts.

cross from here to Harwich, a town that is fast fading as a summer resort, but growing for the purposes of steamboat traffic.

It is too late, at this point, to make further tracks inland, to Cambridge, Ely, &c.,

What did you say — now I am getting flat? Well, candour is a virtue. Adieu.



*Longhouse Hill, Longhouse.*



*At Trinity College, Cambridge.*



#### PART IV.



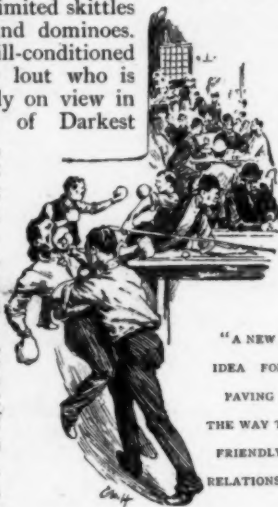
is neither more nor less true of the seventeen-year old lad of the slums than of the young fellow of any other grade of ordinary society that, as a rule, there is the crucial period, when commences, as it were, the fruiting of the vine, and we may make a shrewd guess as to the sort of man

likely to be developed from the seed sown and the blossom matured. As scarce need be said, the chances of a fair outcome are sorely against the boy, who, from his earliest childhood, has breathed an atmosphere to which vice and depravity are among the chief contributing ingredients, always provided that some friendly influence does not intervene to win him from the verge of the pit.

Left to himself what are the inducements for such a one to renounce the ways to which he has been always used, and resolve, come what may, to lead in future a law-abiding and honest life? What, excepting the applause of an approving conscience (yet barely awakened, be it borne in mind), will he gain by so doing? As it is, he is able to "pick up a living," unscrupulously, may be, but easily, without reproach, for his companions are all of the class that adopt similar means of obtaining a livelihood. He is free from anxiety and the oppressive sense of

responsibility inseparable from manly self-dependence. The amusements that suit his taste are at all times attainable, and if, in the ordinary course of events, he should be so unlucky as to be sent to prison for a term, he is condoled with, not condemned, by all who know him, and the hand of good fellowship welcomes his release from durance. To "turn honest" voluntarily and unassisted is, in such a case, no light matter. It means a sudden severance of old ties—the shunning of and being shunned by those with whom as long as he remembers he has been closely connected, and who, probably, have been kind to him, and with a no better prospect than to toil at the roughest sort of labour—he is fit for no other—for scantier gains than somehow or other fell to his share before, with plenty of leisure for pipe smoking and beer drinking and unlimited skittles and cards and dominoes.

This is the ill-conditioned lazy-looking lout who is conspicuously on view in every part of Darkest London, lounging at shady street corners and at the entrance to courts and alleys of evil repute, deteriorating rapidly when he arrives at this stage of his worthless existence, until in a year or two



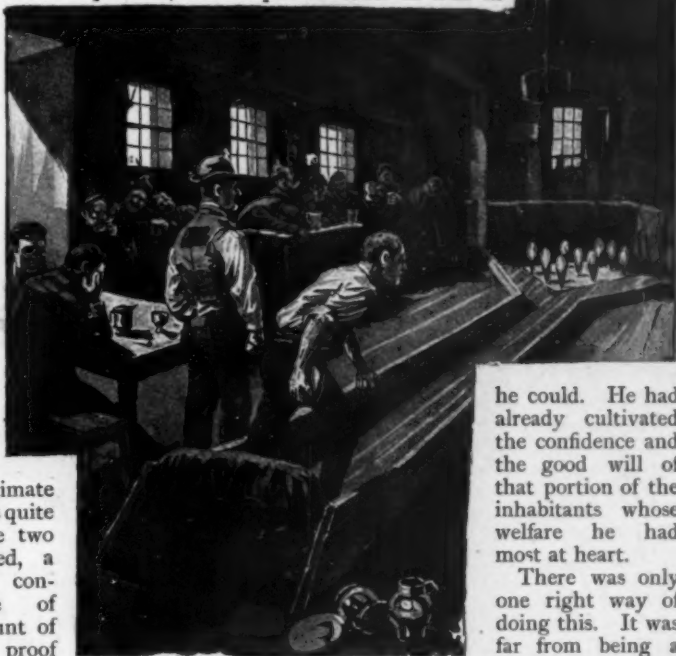
"A NEW  
IDEA FOR  
PAVING  
THE WAY TO  
FRIENDLY  
RELATIONS."

he appears a "rough," full-blown and ripe for robbery and riot or any meaner rascality that may chance to invite him.

Just in proportion as this individual is an unceasing and an increasing danger to law and order, and everything that is commonly decent, so is his conversion a consummation to be devoutly wished, but few and far between are the bold and self-sacrificing spirits ready and willing to devote themselves, stand or fall, to the formidable task. In my extensive experience of the lowest of the lower classes inhabiting the metropolis, I have met with a great many very excellent gentlemen who, recognising the high importance of the work in question, have spared neither money nor personal pains in assisting it, but, for the most part, after perhaps two or three years of hard trying they have grown disheartened at the small amount of success that has rewarded their efforts, and retired from the field. Few possess all the requisites, including dauntless courage, indomitable perseverance, founded on implicit belief in ultimate victory, and, what is quite as essential as the two qualities mentioned, a thoroughly sound constitution, capable of enduring any amount of hard work, and proof against the depressing and enervating influences of slum life while living in its midst.

The Rev. Osborne Jay is a notable instance of this kind of heroism. For the past four years the scene of his labours has been a part of London, the gloom of which, time out of mind before his going there, had been, usually speaking, pitch-black in comparison with regions that are now included among the "darkest." The neighbourhood is far less crowded now than it used to be, hundreds of houses having been pulled down as unfit for human

habitation. When, about four years since, Mr. Jay was appointed to this delectable district, there was no church for him, so he set about constructing one out of most unpromising material. In Church Street he discovered a spacious low-ceilinged room, horrible dirty and dilapidated, and, what was worse, it was upstairs, and over a range of fully-occupied and ill-kept stables, the odour from which, owing to the wide chinks between the floor-boards, was always strongly "in evidence" in the room above. But, it was better than no church at all, and the young pastor had the place put in order as well as



EVENING AMUSEMENTS.

he could. He had already cultivated the confidence and the good will of that portion of the inhabitants whose welfare he had most at heart.

There was only one right way of doing this. It was far from being a nice way, or one that a person of refinement and unacquainted, hitherto, with the usages of any but polite society, could contemplate without considerable misgivings. It was to take up his abode among the people he was bent on winning. So he hired a couple of rooms on the same premises that included the evil smelling stables and the make-shift "Church of Holy Trinity," and having had the walls cleansed and scraped, and the holes in the floors and ceilings mended, took up his residence there. I can vouch for this, because I used to go and see him



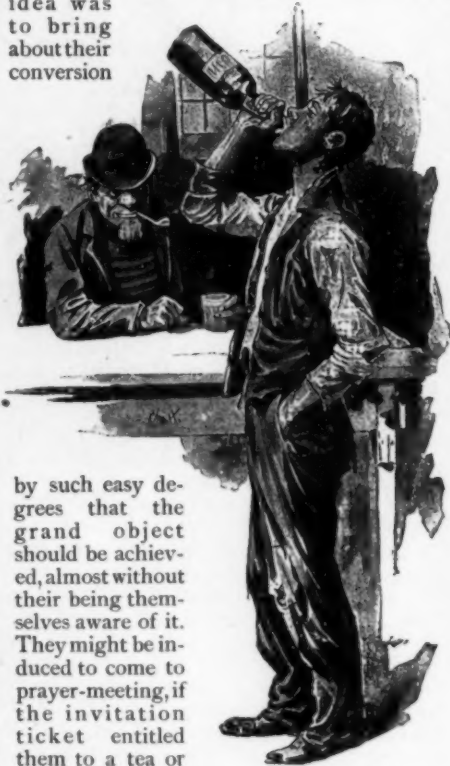
sometimes, and found him always cheerful and uncomplaining—except for one thing—he could get but little sleep at night. The only enemies he had, and the mere name of which it is un-

polite to mention, in some unaccountable way preserved their vitality, despite all the scraping and scrubbing, all the sulphuring and peppering and powdering, and persecuted him mercilessly.

Mr. Jay did not depend, absolutely, on religious influences to realize what he was aiming at. To be always among them, and with Sunday and week-day evening services in the church over the stables, was a great help towards it, but other pastors in similar localities had gone as far as that, and it soon became evident to the energetic gentleman in question that something more was required. It was not very difficult to make an impression on the women and the old folk. The great difficulty was that which I have already referred to—the young fellows and lads, some who made no disguise of being thieves, and many more who were honest so long as work came in their way, but made no endeavour to refrain from picking and stealing as soon as they began to feel the pinch of poverty. At present they were not hopelessly bad. At all events it would not have been fair to class them with the downright ruffian class. But they were launched, one and all, on the downward track, and it was only a question of time. For a hundred years and more this one

mile square, lying rearward of Shore-ditch Church, has contributed, annually, a greater number of individuals whose names appear in the criminal records than any given area of similar dimensions within the confines of the great city. Its supply has always been equal to the demand. No matter how rigorous the operations of the law, the removal of the older offenders seemed but to favour the advancement of those in their novitiate, and waiting an opportunity for distinguishing themselves in the higher grades of the "profession."

How to approach and pave the way to friendly relations with these felons of the future was the puzzling problem that presented itself to Mr. Osborne Jay for solution, and he grasped the clue-line at the first attempt. The step he took was such a complete departure from the ordinary course, it was no wonder that men much older than the hopeful experimentalist, and more accustomed than he to deal with such folk, shook their heads doubtfully. The bold idea was to bring about their conversion



by such easy degrees that the grand object should be achieved, almost without their being themselves aware of it. They might be induced to come to prayer-meeting, if the invitation ticket entitled them to a tea or supper as well;

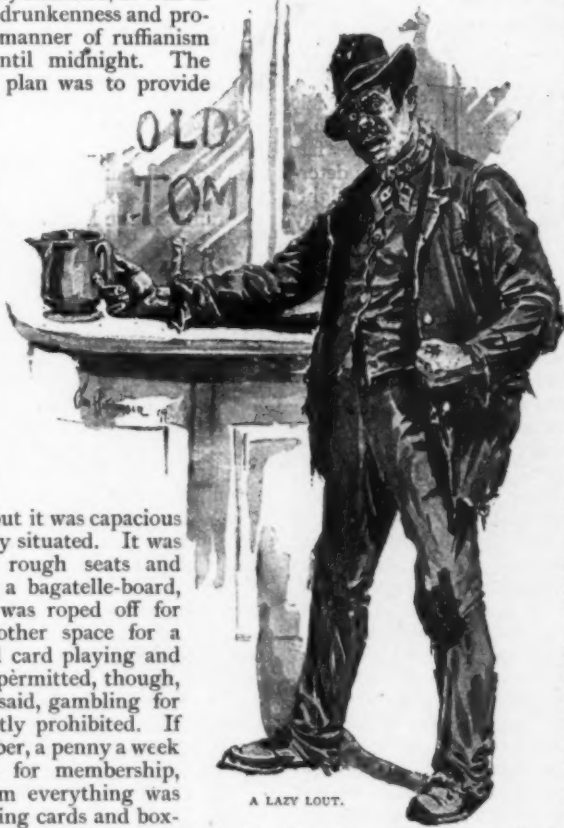
THE ROAD TO RUIN.

but such a system of reformation is costly, and, among such a constituency its efficacy must always be questionable. The main thing was to provide them with such evening amusements as they were used to, and accustomed to seek at the back street beer shop, where every mentionable vice received encouragement. There they could play cards and bagatelle and dominoes, and the skittle ground served commonly as a boxing arena as well, and there was wagering on the various contests, and young women were freely admitted, as well as young lads, and drunkenness and profligacy, and all manner of ruffianism ran rampant until midnight. The Rev. Mr. Jay's plan was to provide all of the said vulgar amusements, which in themselves are harmless, in a wholesome atmosphere, and hampered with but two restrictions, there should be no drinking and no swearing. The best club-room his limited means allowed was an old warehouse, but it was capacious and conveniently situated. It was furnished with rough seats and tables, and with a bagatelle-board, and one space was roped off for boxing, and another space for a gymnasium, and card playing and dominoes were permitted, though, as need not be said, gambling for money was strictly prohibited. If I rightly remember, a penny a week was the charge for membership, and for this sum everything was provided, including cards and boxing gloves. It was a daring—almost, as it seemed, a perilous experiment, but that Osborne Jay was justified in attempting it was speedily proved by the result. Even from the opening night the club was something of a success, but its popularity so rapidly increased that ere six months had elapsed, something like two hundred had

joined, and were constant attendants; and I can answer for it, that when the place was full and everybody busy, when "crib" and whist were brisk at the card tables, and the bagatelle balls clicking, and daring feats were being performed on the trapeze—and the merry boxers were pummelling each other with well-padded gloves, to the delight of the onlookers—one listened in vain for a single word of foul language. Mr. Jay himself is an athlete, and a man of muscular mould, and these qualities no doubt served

him at first in good stead as a check on the more unruly. But, they would have reckoned for little without his kindness and good temper, and his unflinching steadfastness of purpose. Having gained their respect and confidence, the rest was comparatively easy, and his success has been little short of marvellous. Owing to his gradually acquired influence over them, scores of young men of the neighbourhood are now working steadily for an honest livelihood, who otherwise would by this time probably

have been in penal servitude. The "club" is still flourishing, but vastly increased and improved; the church is now a handsome stone-built edifice in Old Nichol Street; and what, four years since, was a nest of iniquity, is becoming almost respectable, and all through the indomitable Christian courage of one man.

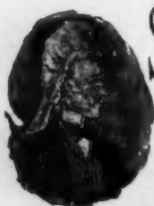


A LAZY LOU.



## CHAPTER VIII.

### A CAMPAIGN.



SAMUEL SOPER felt that he held his beauty in trust for the fair sex; and he was determined, come what might, never to defraud any daughter of Eve of her due. He considered it his paramount duty to smile upon those whom he deemed the fairest flowers of the earth; and he supposed that a glance from his diminutive eyes refreshed these tender plants, just as the evening dew of summer enables the less sensitive of nature's children to retain their beauties.

The gallant desired to appear in the first decade of manhood, and for this purpose, and to give himself a rakish appearance, he imitated the dress of a few young men who were idle, foolish, ignorant and vicious. His hat was very broad for his little head, and suggested that he had more money than brains; his tie had a loose look, the shape of his collar was supposed to be fast, and his gold-headed cane, his light kid gloves, the spray of flowers in his button hole, and the jaunty smile upon his face were all assumed for the purpose of helping him to fascinate frail womankind.

Samuel Soper had made up his mind to captivate the woman to whose court he was despatched as ambassador extraordinary with special powers; but the diminutive diplomatist did not intend to neglect the interests of the potentate of Bucklersbury. When he entered the hospital, Miss Smith was sitting on a bench in an ante-room, to which a nurse showed him the way. The little man rewarded his conductor with one of his sweetest smiles; and then he saw the imposing figure upon the form. The head night nurse, who had a marriage

certificate and some other papers before her, was lost in thought, and did not notice the little man who stood near the door, twirling his moustache, and wondering what he had better do to let her know that he was there.

Although Samuel Soper had, according to his own account, made great ravages in the ranks of the handsomest women of the day, it was a matter of fact that, in the presence of what he called a fine figure-head of a woman, he always felt inclined to beat a hasty retreat. But upon this occasion the lady's absence of mind invited the presence of his courage, and finding that the lady did not advance with her batteries unmasked, he ventured to creep on tiptoe towards her. Still she did not turn round, and Samuel Soper, waxing brave in his immunity from danger, touched her on the shoulder. She jumped up quickly, and knocked over the form, which fell against his shins, and in less time than it takes to tell of such a calamity, the little man lost his balance. Now, if Samuel Soper had been allowed time for reflection, he would not have ventured to throw his arm around the substantial waist of the formidable creature upon so slight an acquaintance; and had she been prepared for such an attention, she might not have failed him in the hour of his need.

The nurse, however, had been alarmed by the tap upon her shoulder. She was afraid the police had been induced by her wealthy antagonist to interfere with her plans; and she was aware that if she failed to prove that the poet was her husband she might be imprisoned for obtaining money by false pretences. Whilst she was still alarmed, Samuel Soper caught her by the waist, and together down they went.

Samuel Soper was the first to recover his presence of mind; but instead of rising immediately, as most men would have done

in his position, he turned round and peeped at his formidable antagonist, whom he did not fear quite so much now that she was on the ground. Having thus spied out the weakness of the enemy, he ventured to get up, and finding that no bones had been broken, and that no irreparable injury had been done to his beauty, he remembered that it would be inconsistent with his reputation for gallantry to allow the lady to remain any longer upon the floor.

Miss Smith laughed when he offered her his assistance; he was such a little fellow, and the idea of his helping her seemed so ridiculous that she straightway forgot her fears. Still, Samuel Soper was not afraid of a smiling woman, and he gave a long pull and a strong pull with both his hands, and at last she got up, none the worse for her fall.

"I hope you have not suffered, madam, by your experiment with the laws of gravity," the little man remarked, with a broad grin.

"Gravity, indeed, why you are enough to make a cat laugh! But who are you?" the nurse enquired, still laughing.

"Samuel Soper, madam, at your service," he replied; and her mirth was immediately extinguished.

She looked at him intently; and he leered at her, and twirled his moustache. He flattered himself that his appearance had favourably impressed her; and he glanced at himself in a looking-glass. He found that the lock, which he cultivated to imitate the famous one of Disraeli's, had been dis-

arranged; and he did his best to remedy the defect.

"What a funny little fellow you are," she remarked, when he was again disengaged.

"Napoleon was a little man," Soper replied, "and good goods are generally done up in small parcels."

When Samuel Soper had said this, he remembered that the lady whom he was addressing was not a diminutive creature, and so he added, with some condescension, but more gallantry: "Still, for my part, I like a fine figure-head of a woman."



"THE NIGHT NURSE DID NOT NOTICE THE LITTLE MAN."

"You have altered since I saw you last," said Miss Smith. She had quite recovered from her fright now; and, in order to reward the little man for his gallant speech, she continued, "and the alteration is all for the better."

Samuel Soper smiled at himself in the glass, and then winked familiarly at his companion.

"You have altered, too," he replied, "but it is not easy to forget a lovely lady

like you, who has wounded one here." He placed his hand over his heart, and screwed up his face as if he were in mortal agony.

"When a woman is giving away her hand she is nervous, and that must be my excuse for not remembering your handsome face at once," Miss Smith replied to his flattering speech.

"No, no!" Samuel Soper exclaimed, with feigned humility. "You will excuse me, my dear madam, for I feel bound to contradict your statement. My features are not regularly handsome; they are only rather striking."

For his self-abasement, the little fellow rewarded himself with a smile, and when he had done this, and had turned from the looking-glass to the woman, he glanced up at her beaming face, and it seemed to him that he had come, had seen, and had conquered.

"Now, perhaps," she remarked, glancing at the form, "you would not mind telling me your business."

Samuel Soper took the hint, and when he had raised the form, the little man and the fine woman sat down together. The nurse was a tall, matronly woman, whilst her visitor looked at a distance like a weak boy with a false moustache, for the hair on his upper lip was dyed a darker shade than that of his eyebrows; but he loved his moustache dearly, and he began to toy with it, before he again addressed his companion.

"You must look upon me as an old friend," he remarked. "You see I knew you twenty-five years ago; and as I saw you going the wrong way to work, I thought I would look you up."

"It was very kind of you, Mr. Soper, I'm sure," she replied, "but what I want to know is, how ought I to go to work?"

She looked Samuel Soper straight in the face, and the little fellow moved a little way from her, and looked down at the ground.

"Well," he said, after a pause, "if I were you, I'd let him know that you're not to be fooled with. He's taken you for better or worse, and he ought to stick to you. If he had a heart the size of a rat's, he would never have left such a splendid creature as you in the lurch. But he never was a man of feeling; he gets lost in those books of his; and then, where is he?"

Samuel Soper waxed valiant when he found that his tongue had not deserted him, and he doubled up his fist, and said that he, the only surviving witness to the marriage, would gladly come forward as the champion of the deserted fair, if she would only choose him as her knight.

Then she bestowed her sweetest smile upon Samuel Soper the Small, and said in a most winning tone: "You are brave, and I

shall look to you for help; and I know it's not the nature of a man like you to desert a lady in distress."

"If I prove false, may I be hanged, drawn, and quartered, like a traitor knight," answered Samuel Soper, who had been captivated by her sweet smile.

"In the days of chivalry," the little man continued, "a noble dame would often take unto herself a knight of tested mettle, and he pledged himself to uphold her cause against the world in arms. This champion and his lady were united by the silken cord of platonic love; for if they married, the union between them ceased, and she could take another champion. But they were the dearest of dear friends, and he would kiss her hand"—this Samuel Soper did—"and he would tell her that she was the

first of her sex whose grace and beauty had attracted his heart; just as I tell you this now. She might have a husband, which misfortune is also yours; but the young cavalier would declare that this would make no difference at all to him—and I can assure you that I shall be as indulgent as were the knights of yore."

After this exordium, Samuel Soper ventured to salute her lips, and the lady was not more



HER KNIGHT AND CHAMPION.

coy than the dames and damsels of a bygone day.

"What a little hero you are!" she exclaimed.

"I like to read about the gallant warriors of chivalry; and if we had lived, in those days, I would have besought you for some favour that I might do it in your honour. A glove or a kerchief would have done; but the great Bayard prayed his Lady of Savoy to give him one of her sleeves, and he wore it at the tournament."

"Would my cap do as well as my sleeve?" the hospital nurse asked; and she took it off, and placed it on her champion's head, without giving him time to consider her offer.

Samuel Soper knew that knights of old were wont to wear their ladies' favours in their casques of steel; but when he had glanced at himself in the glass, he noticed

that the millinery did not suit his complexion, and remarked: "This does not seem in any way to reflect upon me the glory of a decayed-chivalry."

He would have removed the favour had not the lady besought him to wear it yet a little while in her honour, for it did not please the diminutive dandy to wear a servile cap upon his head. But he remembered that he was playing the part of a gallant knight, and that if he did service his bondage was only that of love. So he obeyed the behest of his lady fair, and he smiled. Still, there was a nervous twitching of the muscles of his cheeks; for he was afraid that, if they were observed, his appearance would seem ludicrous to any person unacquainted with all the circumstances of the case.

"If I were you," the little man said, "I'd write your husband a letter that would stir him up. You can't get blood out of a stone, and no writ of ejectment can wring love from his old quarry of a heart; but if it is gold that you want, why he's made of it, and all you've got to do is to undermine him."

"I wonder if you will be good enough to make me a rough copy of the letter," the lady remarked, favouring her champion with an irresistible smile.

"Of course I will," he answered; and directly she had produced some writing materials he sat down to write.

"My dear husband," he began, "in spite of your monstrous cruelty and heartless desertion in the past, here am I, by a miracle of constancy, your devoted wife, still ready to receive you again into these loving arms of mine. The blows which you inflicted on my body and on my heart, when you were living with me before, I will overlook; and even your bigamy shall be a bygone, if you will only return; but if you refuse to make me your wife again, I will sue you for alimony with relentless ire. Mr. Samuel Soper, one of the witnesses to our marriage, has undertaken to be my champion; so, if necessary, I shall not lack the sinews of war. This is the final determination of

"Your devoted but broken-hearted wife,

"POLLY THOMPSON.

"(Now living under the name of Smith.)"

"I think this will do very well," Miss Smith said, "but I think you might add a postscript to say that I would consent to a second marriage so that nobody would be

able to suppose for a moment what they ought not to suppose."

Samuel Soper, who at once complied with her request, had now succeeded in his mission; and he flattered himself that another woman had fallen captive to his charms; whilst the hospital nurse, who had found one of the witnesses to the marriage, rejoiced, because she now felt that ease and luxury were within her grasp.

Samuel Soper did not like to run any risk, but when love could be had without any danger, he was bold enough to play the part of a lady-killer. Miss Smith flattered, and pretended to admire him; and he kissed her many a time and oft. When she protested, he declared that it was a part of his knightly duty, and he vowed that he had a sweet tooth, and that her lips were sweeter than honey.

Whilst he was thus engaged, another nurse entered the room, and then Samuel Soper took his leave, and hastened away. He had not gone far, however, when he met some nurses, and though he smiled at them in his usual captivating manner, they all burst out laughing. In the streets, too, people turned round and grinned at him, and he only learned the cause when a street urchin taunted him with stealing his mother's cap. Then he remembered that he had put on his silk hat over the guerdon of his lady fair, and he was much disconcerted; but when he had removed the favour, the gallant, albeit small, Samuel Soper comforted himself with the reflection that there was no rose without a thorn.

"I got on with her like a house afire," he said, when he reached the office.

"But did she agree to take some energetic measures?" the alderman enquired.



"SOME NURSES BURST OUT LAUGHING."

"Oh! she was quite willing; but she said that she would rather let bygones be bygones, and have her broken heart repaired by a second marriage."

"O, Soper, my boy, what fools women are!" the alderman exclaimed.

"She's as fine a figure-head of a woman as any man could want for the voyage of matrimony!" Samuel Soper declared with enthusiasm. She's just like Venus, and how you can be contented with the wife you have got when this divine creature might have been yours, I'm blowed if I can tell!"

"Samuel Soper," said the alderman in a most serious tone of voice, "I am ashamed of you. I am wedded to another woman, and because age—and I am sorry to add drink—may have deprived my wife of the charms of the flesh, it is no reason why I should yield to the temptations of the devil. No, Samuel Soper, I am a Christian, and an alderman of the City of London; and it is my duty to set a good example to my fellow-citizens. You wrong me, Samuel Soper, in even hinting at such a subject; for reputation is but a weak vessel, and if mine were wrecked upon such a rock, it would soon become a total loss, and all the underwriters in the City of London could not make it good."

#### CHAPTER IX.

#### SWEET LOVE.

The birth of love within her breast gives a maiden charms which else could never have been hers, and whilst love grows she blossoms into womanhood. Happy she must be having those joys which love alone can grant, and time may come and time may go, but a woman's pure love can never die.

Sad, indeed, would the travellers be who are summoned to journey unto the spirit world, did they not know that they are hastening unto the kingdom of love, whither so many dear to them have gone before, and to which realm all those they love on earth must quickly follow. Life is short, but love is long, for it tarries not in the grave. All that is good within ourselves must soar aloft, and only the evil taken from the dust must return again unto ashes.

Lily loved. The little maiden had still the innocent simplicity of a child, but she already possessed the modest self-reliance, the kindly beneficence, and the intensity of

feeling of a woman. Since her mother's death, she alone had been able to afford any happiness to her father; and the responsibility of caring for him, and sorrow for the loss of a dear mother, had given a pensive air to her beauty.

She had received letters from her cousin, but in these he mentioned no words of love. He had won her heart, but she feared he deemed her all unworthy, and often she sat pondering how she could improve herself by doing something to benefit her fellow-creatures; yet times there were when hope lit up her face with smiles, and then she thought of the happiness which might be hers in the long-distant future.

Whilst she was dreaming love's young dream, he whom she had endowed with all the attributes of heroism was working hard to obtain honours at Oxford.

Dick was young, healthy, and strong, and his allowance of five hundred a year enabled him to enjoy every luxury, and to be generous to his friends. Nominally as a loan, he gave a fellow-student, whose father had been convicted of fraudulent bankruptcy, a sum sufficient to enable the young man to keep his twelfth term; and though this fact became known at the University, it was certainly not Dick who was responsible for the publicity. The son of the criminal took a good degree, and was soon afterwards able to provide for his mother and two sisters by working as a master at the Commercial Travellers' School; and the mastership was obtained through the interest of Mr. Alderman Thompson, who was never told of the father's bankruptcy or of the loan. This was the most expensive, but only one of many acts of kindness which Dick performed; and though he paid more attention to his books than to boating or cricket, he won the respect of all, and the admiration of many of his college companions.

Before Dick went up to the University, he had promised his father to obtain as much as he could for the money which his college education would cost; and by studying diligently he won a junior studentship at Christ Church, and took first-class classical honours in Moderations. He delivered many speeches at the Union, and distinguished himself as an orator; but he was a Radical and a Republican, and consequently he could not command a majority on any political question. Still, he was a leader of thought and of

men at the University, and during his third year he was elected president of the society.

Tutors and undergraduates wished him success when he went in for final classical honours; and when, after long and weary waiting, the list appeared, Dick was sent for by the Dean, who cordially congratulated him upon the honour he had won for himself and the college. Two hours later he was carrying his love unto his little cousin, and his heart was full of hope. He had made up his mind to ask her to be his wife, and he had every reason to believe that she would consent. They had been playmates in childhood, friends in youth, and would now, he trusted, be lovers as long as life should last.

Lily did not expect him, and when he and Bruin ran quickly up the stairs she felt shy, and blushed, though in her heart she was very glad that they had come. She did not feign any reluctance to see her dear old dog, and the faithful animal was not slow to show his devotion; but she was afraid that Bruin's master might prove unruly, and she tried to force herself into a belief that her apprehensions were groundless.

Still, she did not give her cousin as warm a welcome as she would have done had her heart been more at ease, and she turned again to Bruin that she might hide her tell-tale blushes from the youth who came with tidings of success. The little maiden's love was like herself, modest and retiring, and it could not leave its hiding place, even to conquer.

It was necessary that she should do something; and she did try to arrange the ornaments on the mantel-piece, and to seem very busy. But Dick smiled, and thus

caused her fresh embarrassment, and after a little while he offered to help her.

"Oh Dick," she said, "I have ever so many things to do, and I don't know what to do first."

"Why Lily," he answered, "it never answers to attempt too much. Try something easy—give me a kiss."

Instead of complying with this request, she began to hug the dog, who licked her



M. B. FARV. "WHO'S STOLEN HIS MOTHER'S CAP? BOO!"

hand and wagged his tail to show his delight.

"You don't wish me to think that you care for Bruin more than for me," he said querulously, feeling a little jealous of the huge Newfoundland, upon whom she had time to bestow her caresses.

"You know I don't, Dick," she answered, hiding her blushing face from her cousin's enquiring eyes, and then, thinking that her

statement required some modification, she added: "But he is a dear old doggie."

"From that I may infer that I am dearer," he stated with assumed gravity.

"I never meant anything of the sort," she replied.

Nevertheless, he began to tease her, saying that woman was not logical; and then she told him that some cruel clever men were always trying to catch poor maidens tripping. This, in turn, he denied; and an argument arose, during which he placed his right hand on her left shoulder, and when she had grown eloquent in her cause, he suddenly brought her speech to a close, and threw her into sad confusion, by sealing her lips with a kiss.

The girl blushed and the youth sighed, and each wished that the other would speak. But the silence was long, and it might have lasted double the time if Lily had not dropped her handkerchief. Dick picked it up and returned it to her, and then she thanked him.

They were then in danger of relapsing into silence, but Dick sighed again, and this afforded Lily an opportunity to enquire what was the matter with him.

"I wonder you have the heart to tease me," he replied, but you always did that, even when you were a little girl, and I don't believe you care at all for my being in love.

He looked very miserable, and she told him that she was sorry; and if this was not quite true, she may be excused, for she was so nervous that she scarcely knew what she said.

"Would you like to know who the lady is?" he asked.

It was her turn to take alarm now, and she sighed as she said, "no matter, cousin."

"She is a beautiful woman," he continued in a lighter strain, looking at her fondly.

"So says every lover," she replied, reassured by his glance.

"Would you like to judge for yourself, Lily?" he asked. "I can show you her portrait."

All her hopes, which had seemed so near to port, were suddenly shipwrecked: for she knew that her portrait had never been taken.

"You may show it to me, if you like, Dick," she answered, "but I'm sure she is not good enough for you."

Quickly then he turned her round to see her own fair face in the glass, and pointing to her reflection, he said:—"Lily, I am sure she is too good for me."

"Do you love me well enough to marry me, Lily?" he asked, before she had time to recover from her embarrassment.

She did not answer immediately, and he watched her anxiously, trying to learn from the expression of her face whether she was pleased or vexed. It was only her modesty which prompted her to turn away from him, but he feared that he had offended her.

"You do not dislike me?" he asked in a sad tone.

"You know I do not, Dick," she replied quickly.

"But do you love me, Lily?" he enquired, beseeching her with his eyes to put an end to his suspense.

"I—I like you, Dick," she answered, looking down at the ground.

"Is that all?" he asked, smiling; for her hesitation had given him hope.

"I love you as a cousin, Dick," she replied.

"Only as a cousin, Lily?" he asked.

"If I say I am fond of you, would that do?" she asked in so low a tone that he could only just hear her question.

"No, Lily," he replied, "you must love me as a little wife should."

She was about to make some remonstrance, but he did not give her time. He took her in his arms, and kissed her again and again, and the little maiden submitted passively for some time, and then asked him what his father would say.

"Lily," he answered, "I am afraid my father will not consent to our union; for he seems to have taken a dislike to you and uncle. But we can wait, and I will gain my own living."

"You must not quarrel with your father, Dick," she replied.

"Lily," he said, "I cannot sacrifice my whole life to business, and that is what my father wishes me to do. I should like to teach the poor, and to help them. There is so much to be done, and yet so many waste their time in laying up a store of gold. These men are making the gulf between the rich and the poor wider and wider; but when the working classes know their strength they will cease to be the serfs of the rich, and will become the masters of England. Even when I was a boy, it was always disagreeable to me to hear men spoken of as worth so many tens or hundreds of thousands, as if the gold which a man possesses were his only value. I only wish to make enough to enable us to live in comfort, and to have something

to spare for the weak and the distressed. I do not wish to be an auctioneer, Lily; I wish to teach the people, and to devote some of my time to literature."

"Oh Dick," she exclaimed, "you intend to become an author. I am so glad."

"I have written a few short sketches, since the examination was over. Writing made me forget my anxiety; but I do not know," he added modestly, "if anything I have yet written is of any value."

Lily was very pleased, and Dick quickly caught some of her enthusiasm. The young lovers were very happy; and time

glided by whilst they were reveling in their day-dream. Evening came on, and still they spoke of love, as if it were a subject of which they could never tire. They played the parts of hero and heroine in what, to them, was a new drama; and each acted naturally and well, and promised that the play should last unto the end of time.

Mr. Thompson did not return to the lodgings in Keppel Street at his usual hour; and as Dick had to return to Oxford that evening, he had to hurry away without seeing Lily's father. The young fellow left his manuscripts and many messages for his uncle; and the merry maiden promised her lover that she would do what she could to prepare her father for the reception of a letter, which Dick said he would write before he went to bed.

Lily felt very lonely when Dick was gone; she could neither work nor read, and she walked impatiently up and down the room, waiting for her father to return. She loved him dearly, but yet she felt a little afraid of

him now she had so important a confession to whisper in his ear.

When the clock struck nine she became anxious about her father, who usually returned much earlier; but a few minutes after the hour he returned.

"O, papa," she exclaimed, "I was so afraid something had happened to you! What made you so late?"

"I have finished my novel," her father answered. I had only one quotation to verify, when I had to give up my books at closing time; but I could not recollect where I had seen the couplet I wished to

find. An old gentleman, who often sits next to me in the library, told me he thought he had it in a book at his house, and kindly found it for me. I had quoted it correctly after all; and now my work is done, and you may congratulate me Lily."

The modest maiden kissed him, and her cheeks were covered with blushes as she told her secret, leaning her head upon his shoulder. She had expected that he would be pleased with the tale she had to tell, but she had only said a few words when she learned that he was annoyed.

"Little one,"

he said gently, when she had ceased to speak, "it is not to be thought of; you can never marry William's son."

"Why, papa?" she asked, weeping bitterly; and then she added, before her father had time to answer her, "He loves me dearly."

"It is not worth while discussing the matter, for you can never marry him," Philip Thompson replied.



"SHE IS TOO GOOD FOR ME," HE SAID.

"Dick does not want riches, and he intends to make literature his profession," Lily answered quickly.

"William will think this is all my fault," Philip Thompson said, rising, and pushing back his chair.

"But why should uncle blame you, papa?" she asked, kissing him.

"Perhaps, little one," her father said, "I had better tell you all."

He spoke so seriously and sorrowfully, that he frightened Lily; and she shut her left hand close, so that she could press the ring which Dick had given her.

"Lily," he said, "do you remember your uncle coming here one evening and saying that the woman who calls herself my wife had been up to his house again?"

The girl nodded, and her father continued, "Your uncle believes what she says, and thinks that I was never legally married to your mother."

"It is his interest to think so, is it not, papa, for he would have mamma's money then, even if aunt were to die?" Lily asked.

"No, my pet, the money would go to Dick. But you should not think ill of people, unless you are quite sure that their motives are bad; and even you were inclined to suspect me that evening. I had told you, just before your uncle came in, that I had something to confess; and when he stated that he had seen my wife, you thought my confession would have something to do with her."

"Papa, dear," she answered, "I was afraid that you had married again; but I never suspected you of committing a sin and a crime. I felt jealous of the strange woman, who I feared was to be nearer and dearer to you than I am; but your confession, after all, only turned out to be about a bad cigar."

Lily tried to make her father smile; but she did not succeed, and silence and gloom ensued. The little maiden had heard more about this strange woman during the evening she spent at her aunt's, but of this she did not care to speak; and she soon wished her father good night. The poet, who was already heavily laden with sorrow, heartily sympathised with his daughter in her affliction; he held her in his arms, and kissed her fondly; and he was anxious about her future, and grieved because he could not give her hand to the youth who had won her heart. Lily, who had been so merry during her mother's lifetime, was

now very unhappy; she knew that her father would never recover his health or spirits until his innocence had been established; and in her room she wept and then prayed. But she did not doubt Dick's constancy, and before long she fell asleep, and the dreams of young lovers are always full of hope.

#### CHAPTER X.

#### THE ACCUSATION.

"My dear Philip, I am glad to see you," William Thompson said, putting out one of his clammy hands towards his brother, who had called at the office. The alderman had assumed a cheerful countenance, and he made a bad joke, and gave a loud guffaw, which he always kept in stock to bestow upon any good customer who might chance to look him up. Then he rubbed his hands together; and, in his ordinary business tone which Samuel Soper said was like the voice of an ancient oracle, he asked what he might have the pleasure of doing for his brother.

Philip looked very sad. He had received the nurse's letter, and he had come to his brother to ask for advice. He was weak, ill, and nervous; he thought that William deemed him guilty of the crime of bigamy, and he feared that, whatever he might say, it would only confirm the alderman's suspicions. The auctioneer put on his spectacles, and looked over them at his brother; and Philip, without saying a word, produced the letter which had been written by Samuel Soper, and copied by the nurse.

When the alderman had read the letter, he shook his head, and frowned at his brother; but for a long time he said nothing, and Philip Thompson listened to the ticking of the clock, and wondered what he could do to prove his innocence. At last Philip spoke, but the great man made a sign with his massive hands to show that he did not wish his meditations to be disturbed. There was another long pause; and then the alderman heaved a heavy sigh, and, looking stern as a judge, addressed the accused.

"If you are a wise man," he began, "you will say nothing. Protestations of innocence will do you no good, and I don't want you to tell me that you are guilty. Every man has a right to be considered innocent until he is found guilty by a jury of his countrymen; and, of course, I shall accord you the benefit of this charitable inference. Still, I'm not a fool, Philip, and I must say matters look very black for you."

"I never married her, indeed I never did!" Philip pleaded. "I came to you, because I did not know what I ought to do to prove my innocence."

"You were quite right to come to me, and I will do my best to get you out of this scrape," the auctioneer replied. "Blood is thicker than water. I have an honourable name to support, and as an alderman of the city of London it is my duty to endeavour to prevent even the reflection of another's crime being cast upon me."

"I am innocent—I am indeed!" Philip Thompson exclaimed.

The alderman unlocked his desk, and took from it an official copy of the register of marriage of Philip Thompson and Mary Smith. The great man looked at the paper, passed it to his brother, sighed, and then said:—"Read that, and then tell me if you can prove an *alibi*?"

"Why, Samuel Soper is your clerk, is he not?" Philip enquired.

"He is my partner," the alderman replied. "He came here soon after you left the business and took to scribbling. He told me all about this affair, and threatened to inform our father. I then had some hope that you would repent of your manifold sins and iniquities; and I concealed my knowledge of the error of your ways, as I wanted to leave you room for repentance. I was certain that our father would never forgive you if he knew that you had contracted a marriage with a designing and infamous woman."

"I never married her," Philip Thompson repeated, looking hopelessly at the copy of the certificate of marriage.

"If you are arrested for bigamy, you must make a better defence than that. Do be careful!"

"Could I see Mr. Soper?" Philip asked. It had suddenly occurred to him that he

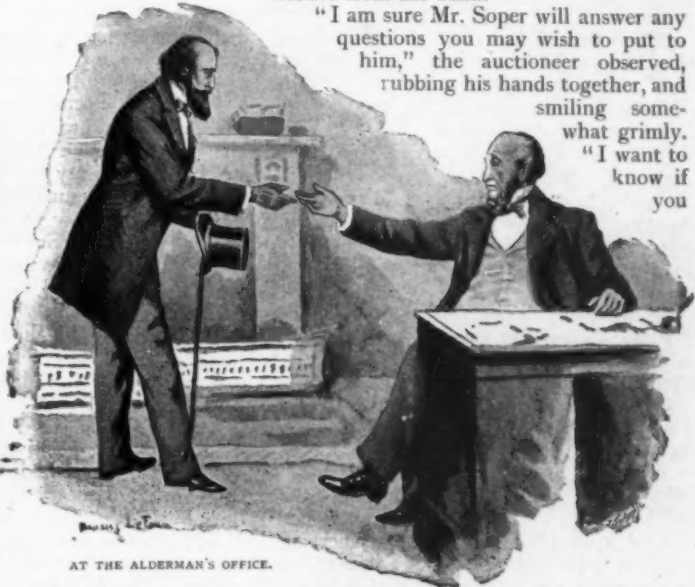
would be able to prove his innocence by the evidence of this witness.

"Certainly," the alderman replied; and having summoned a clerk, the auctioneer said he wished to see Mr. Soper directly that gentleman returned from the bank.

The younger brother then began to read the auction columns of the *Times*, and the elder took up the inner sheet, but did not even glance at the contents. He hoped that in a few minutes he would be able to establish his innocence to the satisfaction of the alderman, though his mind was not altogether free from evil forebodings.

Samuel Soper soon arrived, and at the alderman's request he placed on the desk the thirty five-pound notes which he had fetched from the bank.

"I am sure Mr. Soper will answer any questions you may wish to put to him," the auctioneer observed, rubbing his hands together, and smiling somewhat grimly. "I want to know if you



AT THE ALDERMAN'S OFFICE.

were present at my marriage, Mr. Soper?" Philip Thompson said, with some diffidence.

"Why of course I was, I ain't grown out of all knowledge, have I?" the little man asked, pulling himself up to his full height. "I remember right enough your coming to Trinity Church, Haggerstone, with Miss Smith, who was as slap up a piece of merchandise in the way of womankind as ever I set eyes on. The parish clerk and I were the witnesses; and the poor man, who's dead now, gave the bride away, as it was a runaway match, and you weren't provided with an amazonian army of bridesmaids. I shan't forget your splicing in a hurry, for

it was my stepping stone to the position I now occupy in society. Before your marriage, I was nobody; but what with your wanting your connubial connection to be kept secret, and my taking advantage of the opportunity, I got fairly launched at the flood, and went up the river with the stream. I've got quite near up to the mountain source now; and I find it as easy to get along as to practice virtue. I'm sorry you ever departed from the path, sir; for no doubt you play chess, and if so you'll understand how one false move will carry you all astray. I don't play the game myself; but I've heard our worthy alderman say that this is the moral of it. He's not a player either, as his time is too precious; but on account of the moralities, he recommends it to the masses."

"You knew I was married to this Mary Smith, and yet you did not try to prevent me marrying another woman!" Philip Thompson exclaimed, as this proof of his innocence occurred to him.

"Of course, no one supposed you were a bigamist," Samuel Soper answered. "I thought the woman was as dead as a door-knocker, until a few days ago, when I found out that she was one of the finest creatures, above ground or below, as ever I set eyes on."

"Oh! Philip," the alderman continued, "when you gave up business for poetry and a woman, I thought no good could ever come of the exchange. If you will throw your left foot forward into the path of vice, the right foot is sure to follow its fellow before long."

"This is all some horrible mistake," Philip said, leaning his heavy head upon his hand.

"Of course," remarked the alderman, "you're quite right to stick to it that you are innocent; but I can assure you if you were somebody else, it would not be a good thing for that person if I were on a jury about to try him for bigamy."

"It's no use pleading that you didn't do it," Samuel Soper said. "Take my advice, and plead that you thought the female form divine had gone to blazes. If you say that you never married the charming creature, she shows her fascinating face in the witness-box to you in the dock; and then where are you? Besides, there's the certificate; and, telling the truth, how could I say that the cloud of oblivion had passed between me and the altar of Trinity Church, Haggerstone?"

"No," Samuel Soper continued, having paused to scratch his head and to obtain whatever inspiration could be gained by that process, "say that you thought she was dead. In that case no one can walk into the witness-box to swear point blank that you're a liar; and even if you are condemned, we can all go up to swear to your character."

"If I were in my brother's shoes," said the alderman, "I should take them as far away from Scotland Yard as I could get."

"Quite right!" said Samuel Soper.

"Justice is nothing to boast of as a huntswoman. She's blind, and cannot get across country like Diana the fox-huntress; but when she does get the prey in her grasp, she gives a devilish hard grip."

"A brother of mine," said the alderman pompously, "can have nothing to fear from Justice. So near a connection of my own could not commit a crime."

"If I were a certain connection of yours, Mr. Alderman, I would borrow a little from that pile and be off from the jurisdiction of her blessed Majesty the Queen, sooner than I knew how." Samuel Soper paused, winked in a knowing way at the alderman, and then continued: "But I have a little matter of business to discuss with you, and perhaps your brother would excuse us for a few minutes."

Philip bowed his head, and whilst the partners were away, he thought of the disgrace which would fall upon Lily, as well as upon himself, if he were unable to prove his innocence. He could scarcely understand his position; he felt weary, both in mind and body, and he could not think what reason Samuel Soper could have for making the false statement.

Appearances were against Philip, and he felt sure that if Samuel Soper were to give evidence against him in a criminal court, a verdict of guilty would be returned.

Anxiety for Lily's welfare caused him far more anguish than any fear of ill happening unto himself; and he thought of her, bowed down with shame, oppressed by poverty, and standing alone in the wide world. He had spent the last three days in reading his manuscript to his daughter; and that morning, little knowing the contents of the letter he had received, she had wished him good fortune as he started with his novel and Dick's short stories in his bag. He had trusted that happier times were yet in store for them both; and he had hoped that his novel would be a success, that the

woman who had called herself his wife would be proved an imposter, and that he would then be able to give his nephew the hand of a happy bride.

When the alderman returned to the room, Philip did not at once notice his brother; and the auctioneer, standing with his back to the empty grate, took snuff, and then coughed, to draw attention to his presence.

"I thought you would be able to advise me as to what steps I had better take to prove my innocence," Philip said earnestly.

"This certificate proves that one Philip Thompson, was married to one Mary Smith. The woman says that you are the man, and so does Samuel Soper. Of course, they are both making a mistake; but the only advice I can give you is to take your steps at a distance as soon as possible," the alderman replied.

"But Lily——" Philip began.

"It will not be very pleasant for the girl to see her father carried off to prison, to hear the jury return a hostile verdict, and to listen to the judge passing sentence. If the matter is never raised in the law courts during your life, it will be supposed that you were duly married to Lily Montgomery; but if you are convicted of bigamy, your daughter will be considered illegitimate, and she will have no reversionary right to any part of the Montgomery estate."

"You think we must go away, then?" Philip asked.

"I think you had better go away; but as to Lily, I will take charge of her. You will have to rough it, I expect; and women can't stand that sort of thing. I'll give you a little money now; but to provide for the future you'll have to put your hand to the plough; and as you do your ploughing with a pen, you'll have to find the right sort of field."

"Is it really necessary that we should part?" the elder brother asked.

"Would you like your daughter to share your flight from justice?" the alderman enquired.

"Poor Lily!" Philip said, sighing bitterly.

"She will be better off than you," the alderman answered. "But whilst you are alive and at hand, she may at any moment be made to bear the shame of another's sin."

"I will go," Philip faltered.

"Quite right," the alderman answered. "There are some notes on the desk; and you can take what you want."

"You are very good," Philip answered. "But I have my novel; and I can sell that."

"After you leave this office, you must not be seen by any person who knows you; and as you are wise enough not to mention where you are going to, there is little I can say to your disadvantage, if a detective from Scotland Yard comes here to make enquiries. I believe in your innocence, you understand; for otherwise, if I gave you money to get away, I should become an accomplice after the fact. As to the manuscript, you may leave it with me to do what I like with, if you choose; but your taking it to a publishers is out of the question.

Why, you must not even go back to Keppel Street!"

"You do not mean that I am not to say good-bye to my own child?" Philip asked.

"Yes I do," the alderman replied. "You would be sure to tell Lily your plans, and this might lead to your

arrest. Think what her anguish would be if she were the innocent cause of your suffering the penalty of this crime, and remember that the dishonour which will fall upon you in case of conviction will also be her dishonour."

"What am I to do?" Philip asked, weeping like a child.

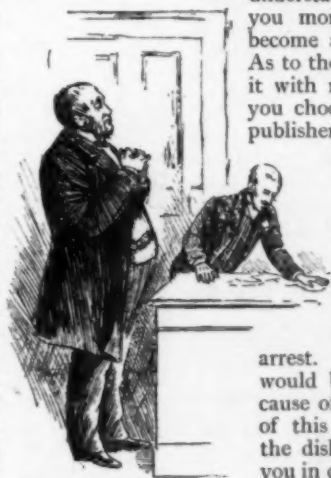
"You had better write a short note to your daughter, saying that unforeseen circumstances call you away, and that you are innocent of the crime laid to your charge," the alderman replied.

"But what will become of her?" Philip asked.

"She shall come and stay with us at Romford, and I will be responsible for her future welfare," the alderman answered.

Philip Thompson could not think for himself, and he wrote a letter at the alderman's dictation, and submitted himself entirely to his brother's stronger will.

"There are a hundred and fifty pounds,"



the alderman said, "You can take as much as you like."

"You have been very kind to me in this matter," Philip said. "If I were alone in the world I should stand my trial; but I cannot risk Lily's future."

The tears were trickling down his cheeks as he held out his honest hand to the alderman; but his brother would not give him this sign of friendship. A blush of shame passed over his face as he bowed his head, and turned away. It was another pain to bear; and he bore the burden bravely for Lily's sake.

"You will take care of her," he said, crying bitterly, as he pleaded for Lily, who was so very dear to him. "You will see that she shall want for nothing—and that no harm shall happen to her?"

"I have my reputation as an alderman to sustain, and if any dishonour were to fall upon her whilst she is an inmate of my house it would be a discredit to me," the auctioneer replied pompously. "Now, how much will you take?"

"My novel will certainly fetch more than a hundred pounds, and what you receive for it above that sum you can hold in trust for Lily," Philip answered, passing his brother the bag which contained his manuscript and Dick's short tales.

"Very well. Count out the money whilst I am putting on my coat," the alderman said, leaving the room.

A few minutes later a clerk told Philip that Mr. Alderman Thompson was waiting for him at the door.

They walked on a little way together, and then Philip Thompson said, "May God have such mercy upon you hereafter as you show to Lily now."

The alderman answered never a word, and soon his brother was no longer visible amongst the crowd hurrying along Cheap-side. The parting was over, and the auctioneer hoped that he would never see his brother again.

When the auctioneer reached the office, Samuel Soper had already returned. They looked at one another for a moment, and then the alderman said he had just posted a letter to Lily, in which her father told her that he could not return home. Samuel Soper understood, and he asked what was to become of the girl.

"I have half a loaf to spare for a poor deserted girl, thank God!" the alderman exclaimed, looking upwards, so that only the whites of his eyes were visible.

"I see that some of the money is gone," Samuel Soper observed, pointing to the ten five pound notes upon the desk.

"Notes gone, Soper!" said the alderman. "I did not pick any up. Who can have taken them?" The auctioneer hesitated for a moment, and then he continued, "No, Soper, he's my brother, and I could not think that of him. You had better enquire who has been in here since I went out."

"Oh!" exclaimed the little man, as a new light broke upon him, "I always thought that Samuel Soper was sharp, but you're oceans sharper. I suppose you don't mean to prosecute him for that?"

"If it be the poor misguided man who has taken the notes I shall not prosecute him," the alderman replied. "It is my duty, Soper, to forgive him unto seventy times seven; but I hope you wrong him grievously in this suspicion."

When the alderman had said these words he caused enquiries to be made, and then the righteous man stated that he was forced to acknowledge that he feared the temptation had been too great for one who had already deviated from the path of moral rectitude.

"Nevertheless," continued the alderman, "as a Christian it is my duty to see that the offspring of the sinner is not left to suffer for her father's crimes. You will go to his lodgings in Keppel Street, and if the wicked man does not return home you will tell the girl that I am willing to shelter such as are in distress. She had better stay there until to-morrow, and then, if her father has not returned home, she had better come to me. I don't ask you to conceal this theft from her, because sooner or later it must be known; but I do ask you to break the sad news gently to her, and to see that she has everything she wants. To-morrow morning you had better go there again; take her in a cab to the station, buy a ticket for her, and see her into the train—third class."

"Certainly," answered Samuel Soper.

"You will remember what I have told you?" the alderman asked.

"Certainly," the little man repeated, leaving the room, "Third-class!"

*(To be continued).*



# THE DREAM of MYRA DAWKINS

By FLORENCE MARRIAT



MYRA DAWKINS and Lydia Yates were once more together, after a separation of several months. Lydia was a country mouse, hailing from far-off Westmoreland, and dressed in the fashion of five years before; and Myra was a wealthy woman, living in her own house in Portman Square, and possessing an ample income on which to maintain it. Yet they were the closest friends, although so different, and had been for the last quarter of a century. Middle-aged women, both of them, and yet retaining some of the girlish innocence of youth, and ready to repose their most sacred confidences in one another. And yet Lydia fancied—she could hardly say why—that her friend Myra was changed. She had not been in the house ten minutes before it dawned upon her. In the first place, Myra looked younger than she used to do. She wore a dress of a more juvenile style, and seemed to have an unusual number of laces and ribbons about her. Her manner, too, was jerky and nervous, although she smiled as sweetly as ever; and her cheeks were suffused with a soft, pink bloom. In fact, she looked ten years younger than her age.

"What have you done to yourself, Myra?" cried Lydia admiringly. "I never saw you look so well before."

"I *am* very well, dear Lydia," replied Miss Dawkins, smiling.

"And happy to see *me*, I hope. Has that anything to do with it?" continued her friend.

"Certainly, but there are other reasons! Lydia, my dear, I have a wonderful piece of

news to tell you, which I could not write. I am going to be married."

"What!" exclaimed Lydia, with unmitigated surprise. Such an idea had never struck her before. She had thought they would remain two old maids to their lives' end, and perhaps spend their last years together. To think of Myra as married, was to close for ever the brightest vista in her future. It was a terrible shock to her.

"*Married!*" she reiterated, "Oh, Myra, it is impossible!"

"Why should it be impossible?" said the other gently, "women marry in middle age sometimes, and no one can say I have not the right to please myself."

"Oh, yes!" replied Lydia, somewhat bitterly, as she looked round at the luxurious appointments of the room they sat in, "of course you have the right and the means. Indeed, when one thinks of your wealth,



"I NEVER SAW YOU LOOKING SO WELL," SAID LYDIA.

it seems a wonder you have not married before. And yet, somehow, I thought—"

"Do not do my future husband the injustice to suppose he cares about my money," interrupted Myra quickly, "he does not need it. He makes an excellent income for himself! he cares for me as I do for him."

"Oh, Myra, forgive me!" cried Lydia, fearing she had made her friend angry. "I was jealous and disappointed, but it is over, and I am glad you are to be so happy. Tell me all about him, dear. Don't punish my little outburst by baulking my natural curiosity."

"I met him several months ago," began Miss Dawkins softly, "but he visited here for some time before I knew he cared for me; yet when he told me so, and I realized what I felt for him, I saw no reason why we should not be happy together."

"And you are really engaged to him, then?"

"Oh, yes! we are to be married next month."

"Oh, Myra! what is his name? What is he like?"

"Tell me everything about him."

"His name is Arthur Sheppard, and he is considered handsome. He is younger than I am, Lydia. You must be prepared for that, but he says there is no age in love."

"And you care for him very much, dear Myra?"

Miss Dawkins's middle-aged face became illuminated like that of a girl. Anyone who knew the symptoms would have seen that this unexpected love had taken possession of her soul.

"Yes! very much. So much that I cannot speak of it. But it will make no

difference to *you*, Lydia. You will always be my dearest woman friend."

"And when shall I see Mr. Sheppard?" continued Miss Yates, who had quite recovered her cheerfulness. "Will he be here to-night?"

"No; not to-night, dear. He is otherwise engaged. I have a box for the theatre this evening, if you would like to go, when we have had our dinner."

"There is nothing I should like better. You know what a treat the London theatres are to a country bumpkin like myself."

As soon as the ladies had dined, therefore, they started in Miss Dawkins's carriage

for one of the west-end theatres, and, on arrival, were ushered into a stage-box, which gave them a partial view of what went on behind the scenes. Lydia could not understand why her friend took a seat behind the curtain, but Myra said the glare of the foot-lights hurt her eyes. Miss Yates, on the other hand, anxious to see all she could, drew her chair as near the stage as possible, and care-



"PERHAPS A DREAM THAT WILL NEVER BE FULFILLED."

fully scanned the programme, whilst she kept up a running commentary on the various actors in the drama.

Miss Dawkins seemed surprised she had not noticed the leading juvenile.

"What do you think of Mr. Gerald Penrose?" she asked, in a low voice. "He is considered one of our most rising artists."

"The gentleman who plays the lover? Why! I think he's in love with the girl he's playing with."

Miss Dawkins flushed quickly.

"What nonsense! That only proves what a good actor he is. They are all obliged to pretend they are in earnest."

"But he *is* in earnest, Myra! I am sure of it! I have been watching them all through this act, and he has never lost an opportunity of touching her hand, or looking in her eyes, and he never takes his off her, whatever she may be about."

"That is what is termed 'by-play,'" replied Miss Dawkins quietly.

"Is *that* 'by-play?'" exclaimed Lydia Yates, as the young couple left the stage and stood at the wings. She pulled her friend forward eagerly as she spoke, and forced her to observe them. The young man had placed his arm round the girl's waist and stooped his head to kiss her. As he did so, Miss Yates laughed.

"Nice 'by-play,' isn't it, Myra? But why shouldn't they enjoy themselves, poor things? They would make a handsome couple, and would just suit each other. Let me see! What is the young lady's name? Oh! Sophie Russell. She is very pretty, isn't she, Myra?"

But, turning to her friend, Lydia Yates was horrified to see how pale she had become. She looked as if she were on the point of fainting.

"What is the matter, dear?" she cried. "Do you feel the heat? Let us go home? You look quite ill."

"Yes, let us go home," repeated Miss Dawkins hysterically. "There must be thunder in the air, Lydia. My head feels as if it would burst!"

They drove home together in silence, Lydia Yates divining there was something more than thunder in the air, though she was at a loss to know whence it came. As they stood in the lighted hall together, Myra turned to her with a pallid face.

"I am going to bed, dear," she said, "going to work out a little puzzle by myself! Don't lay too much stress on what I told you this afternoon. Perhaps it was only a little *ruse* by which to try your affection for me—perhaps a dream that will never be fulfilled. Only be sure of one

thing. Our friendship will last to the very end!"

And so she left Lydia, hardly realizing if she were in jest or earnest. But, from the night which followed it, no one has a right to withdraw the veil. It was a night of wrestling and of tears—of doubt and difficulty—of self renunciation of the brightest hope that had ever dawned upon Myra Dawkins's life—a night sacred to herself and God. With the morning, she descended to the breakfast table a serene, cheerful, middle-aged woman, who had battled and overcome, although a faint, wintry hope still lingered in her poor heart, that the victory was a needless one.

"Lydia, my dear," she said brightly, "I have a little home business to transact after breakfast, and I know you don't like to waste your time in London. The carriage will be round at eleven. Will you use it for a drive in the park, or shopping, or anything that pleases you best, and join me again at luncheon?"

Miss Yates agreed to her friend's proposal, and was soon far from Portman Square. Miss Dawkins rang the bell as soon as her back was turned.

"When Mr. Sheppard calls, show him in here," she said; and before noon Mr. Gerald Penrose, who had played with Miss Sophie Russell the night before, stood in her presence. He entered the room, with a



"HE ENTERED THE ROOM WITH A CALM SENSE OF POSSESSION."

calm sense of possession, and saluted her quietly, but affectionately.

"Well," he ejaculated, "and how are you?"

"I am quite well, thank you, Arthur. I was at the theatre last night, with my friend, Miss Yates."

"Indeed! Why didn't you tell me you were coming?"

"I had my reasons, my dear young friend. I have something of importance to tell you, and I wished to see you act once more, before I did so."

"What a strange idea, Myra! What is your secret?"

"It is no secret, it is an open truth; I think we have made a mistake, Arthur. We are utterly unsuited to each other; our engagement had better cease."

He started violently, and drew nearer to her.

"What do you mean? You must be joking."

"Indeed, I am not! I was flattered at first by your proposal. It seemed such a triumph, at my age, to have won the affection of a man so much younger than myself. But, my eyes are opened now, and I see that it will not do! You are too young for me—too inexperienced! I want a companion—an adviser—a friend. It was folly ever to think you could be that to me."

"I would have done my best," faltered the young man. "You are not afraid I should not have done my duty to you, Myra?"

"No! but I am afraid that the constant association with such beautiful girls as Sophie Russell might have made you forget it—and that—that—(forgive me for saying so, Arthur)—I might weary of you as a companion."

"If that is the case, there is no more to be said about it," exclaimed the young man, as he seized his hat; "and I am to

understand, then, Miss Dawkins, that our engagement is at an end."

"Yes! it will be best so! It is what I want you to understand," said the woman, wearily, as Mr. Arthur Sheppard, apparently much relieved, left her to herself.

"He is *glad* of his release," she murmured, as she buried her face in her hands. "He has seen the folly of it for himself, long ago. It is *I* only who have been so blind. But I loved him! my boy. My handsome, stalwart boy. I would have given everything I possess only to be sure he loved me for myself."

It is only the young and thoughtless who ridicule the griefs of middle age. Youth may have its blighted hopes renewed; but for middle age, there remains nothing but the tomb. Everyone would have laughed

to hear Myra Dawkins called a heroine, yet she was one, in the truest sense of the word. She felt her dream was over, and so she resolved to treat it as a dream.

"Lydia!" she exclaimed with a smile, as she met her friend again, "forgive me for testing your credulity, yesterday. That story of my engagement was all a sham."

"*All a sham*," echoed Lydia, open-mouthed, "but you told me his name, and everything."

"But what would you have said if I had not invented a name for him? Please forget it all, dear. It was a stupid joke, but *it is over*."

"And you are not going to be married?" exclaimed Miss Yates.

"I am *not* going to be married, my dear. I gave up all such dreams long ago. I mean to be content with you for my friend to my life's end."

"Oh, Myra! I *am* so glad," cried Lydia, with tears in her eyes, "if you had married it would have spoilt my life."

"And mine with your's," said Myra Dawkins sadly.

And so her dream was ended.



"HER DREAM WAS ENDED."

# My True Love.

WORDS BY ERNEST J. EAGLEMAN.

MUSIC BY THOMAS HUNTER.

*Moderato.*

VOICE. *p* Dost

PIANO. *mf* *p*

*cres.* *mf*

thou re - mem - ber when the buds Were breaking in - to flow'r, And the

*cres.* *f* *mf*

vio - let rose to greet thee From its green and mos - sy bow'r. When the

*fortissimo.*

wild wood's rip - pling foun - tains Made mur - mur to the spring, When

*p* *mf*

Ped. \*

*rall.* . . . . .

blithe - ly from its low - ly nest The lark up-rose to sing.

*tr.....* *rit.*

*p* *colla voce.*

*Tempo di Valse.*

'Twas then I first be-held thy face, The face I love to see,..... But

*cres.* *f* *p*

more than all I love the smile Which beams a - lone for me;..... 'Twas

*cres.* *f*

then I first be-held thy face, The face I love to see,..... But

*cres.* *f*

more than all I love the smile Which beams a - lone for me.....

*cres.* *f*

# MY TRUE LOVE.

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*Moderate.* *mp*

And

*mf* *p*

now the Sum-mer's wan - ing, dear-est, Wan-ing to the close, And the

*rit.* *poco agitato.*

wood-bine's shed its blos-som, And the leaves fall from the rose; But

*cres.* *rall. poco a poco.*

what - so - ev - er things may fade, And swift - ly pass me by, This

*cres.* *rall. poco a poco.*

*p* *rit.*

thought a - lone shall give me cheer. My true love still is nigh.

*rit.*

*Tempo di Valse.*

And ev - er I be - hold thy face, The face I love to  
 see, ..... But more than all I love the smile which beams a -  
 lone for me..... And ev - er I be - hold thy face, The  
 face I love to see, ..... But more than all I love the  
 smile Which beams a - lone for me.....

*p* *cres.* *f* *cres.* *f* *p* *cres.* *cres.* *f* *FINE.* *Ped.* \*

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